The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of pictures illustrative of the life and work of Milton, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., for his courteous permission to include in our issue his paintings entitled "Milton's First Love" and "Milton's Meeting with Marvell"; to Messrs. George Bell and Sons for drawings by A. Garth Jones and R. Anning Bell; to Mr. John Lane for permission to reproduce an illustration from "Lycidas"; to Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., for a drawing by E. J. Sullivan; to Mr. George Allen for a design by T. H. Robinson; and to Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen and Messrs. Hooper and Jackson for supplying photogravures for the purposes of reproduction.

The illustrations to Milton's "Paradise Lost," by Gustave Doré, appearing in this issue are reproduced, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., from their edition of the poem containing a Life of Milton by Robert Vaughan, D.D.

It is reported that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's next book will be a volume of stories, and that it will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and in America, as usual, by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne,
Author of the volume of clever stories, "Love, the Fiddler," which is reviewed on another page.
Photo kindly supplied by Mr. W. Heinemann.

Mr. Joseph Conrad has undertaken to write a series of essays dealing in anecdotal fashion with the sea and the author's experience with ships and sailors. Mr. Conrad's novel, "Nostromo," is to be published in book form this autumn.

Mr. Spielmann hopes to have his "Life of Kate Greenaway" ready by the autumn of this year. There has been a mass of material to go through, including a great number of letters from distinguished correspondents, and the task of selection has been difficult and laborious.

Mr. Henry James's new novel will not be ready for publication until the autumn of this year. Mr. James is contemplating a visit to the United States, after an absence of many years, and will spend some months in re-visiting various parts of his native land.

Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, who has just returned from abroad, is busily engaged upon his new volume of travels dealing with the islands of the Sulu Archipelago. The book, we believe, will be illustrated by the author, and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., under the title of "Gems of the East."

Miss Violet Hunt's new novel, "The Celebrity at Home," will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The story is a picture of life in a literary household as seen through the eyes of a satirical maiden of seventeen.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have also in the press a humorous novel of country life by Mr. Keble Howard, the editor of the *Sketch*. The title of the volume will be "The God in the Garden." It will contain twenty-five illustrations by Mr. Frank Reynolds, and will be published in May.

Alice and Claude Askew, the popular serial writers, have completed a novel dealing with South Africa, and English and Boer life there. We understand that the work is of a highly sensational character, and will be called "The Shulamite." Messrs. Chapman and Hall are to be the publishers.

Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I., has just completed for Messrs. Macmillan and Co. "The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie." The book deals with the Marquis's life from his birth in 1812 to his appointment as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1852. The work will be in two volumes, and will contain a number of portraits and maps.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus hope to commence shortly the publication of the Complete Collected Poems of Algernon C. Swinburne. The volumes, which will be six in number, will only be subscribed in sets. They will be published monthly at 6s. net.

Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, is publishing what promises to be a very entertaining work, entitled Collections of Vincent Stuckey Lean of Proverbs (English and foreign), Folklore, and Superstitions; also compilations towards dictionaries of proverbial phrases and words, old and disused. Many years of devoted labour were given by Mr. Lean [who died in March, 1899] to the compilation of this work. In all, there will be five volumes, each containing about 500 pages, and the price for the complete work will be £5 5s. net.

A Portrait of Mr. Vincent Brown,

whose new book, "A Magdalen's Husband," is reviewed in this number.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish in March "My Memories," by the Countess of Munster, who is a grand-daughter of William IV. by Mrs. Jordan.

Towards the end of March Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish a new book by Mr. Edgar Jepson, entitled "The Admirable Tinker." The novel will be published in New York by McClure, Phillips and Co.

The new Martin Hewitt book, by Mr. Arthur Morrison, will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, who will also publish new novels by Mr. H. A. Hinkson and Mr. Richard Pryce.

Mr. Frederick Macmillan, the eminent publisher, has been enjoying a holiday in Rome.

Amongst other new novels to be issued this spring by Messrs. Constable and Co. is "The Imperialist," by Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan).

We understand that after the 1st of May the publication of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" will be taken over by Messrs. Methuen and Co. All Mr. Kipling's published volumes of verse will then be in the hands of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Mr. A. W. Marchmont's new novel, which will be published in the autumn, is to be entitled "The Queen's Advocate."

Messrs. Hutchinson will issue immediately a new novel from the pen of Mr. Richard Pryce. It is entitled "The Successor."

Mrs. Alec Tweedie is still in Sicily collecting materials for the new book which she is now writing.

Mr. Perceval Gibbon, whose short stories in *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The British Weekly*, and elsewhere, have attracted such favourable notice, has written a novel which is to be published by Messrs. Blackwood in the autumn.

Mr. Storer Clouston has just completed a new novel, the scene of which is laid in the Orkney Islands, where, since his marriage, Mr. Clouston has taken up his residence.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser will publish this autumn through Messrs. Methuen a volume of four stories dealing with medieval Japan.

Mr. George A. Morton, of Edinburgh, will publish early in March "The Awakening of Mrs. Carstairs," a novel in diary form, by Olivia Roy, the pen name under which a well-known signature is disguised.

Messrs. Treherne are to issue shortly a Waistcoat Pocket edition of Shakespeare, which they claim will be the smallest Shakespeare in the world. It will be completed in forty volumes, published fortnightly, bound in leather, at 1s. net. The books are to be identical in style with the Waistcoat Pocket Classics, to which series will be added "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and "The Eve of St. Agnes."

A new edition of Mr. Douglas Sladen's novel, "A Japanese Marriage," is to be issued immediately by Messrs. Treherne at 5s. net, and will contain a number of photographs of scenes in the novel taken by a Japanese artist, and a coloured frontispiece by Mrs. Martin White. 20,000 copies of the sixpenny edition of this popular book were sold within a few days.

The Russo-Japanese war has created a great demand for books dealing with things Japanese, and as a result Messrs. Newnes are about to re-issue Mr. Douglas Sladen's "The Japs at Home" at 6d. The first edition will consist of 50,000 copies.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in the press a new novel by Sarah Tytler. It deals with the story of the poet Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, the lady who looked after him in his declining years. The title of the novel will be "The Poet and his Guardian Angel."

Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is now in Paris, is engaged upon a new humorous story, entitled "A Great Man," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish in the spring.

We understand that Mr. Frank Richardson's successful novel, "The Bayswater Miracle," is being dramatised by Mr. Edward Rose, who, it will be remembered, also dramatised the "Red Robe," "Vice-Versâ," and Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," all of which were highly successful.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have added to their St. Martin's Library the late Sir Walter Besant's "London," which will be issued in leather and cloth uniform with the rest of the series.

Among the new novels to be published during the coming spring by Messrs. Chatto and Windus may be mentioned "Randal of Randals Holme," by Austin Clare; "The Money-Makers," by Georges Ohnet; and a 3s. 6d. edition of the "Orange Girl."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish shortly an interesting volume by John Venn, entitled "The Annals of a Clerical Family." It is an account of the family and descendants of William Venn, vicar of Otterton, a parish in Devonshire, and treats of the first twenty-one years of the seventeenth century.

Mr. A. H. Bullen will publish immediately a new volume by Mr. W. B. Yeats. It will contain "The King's Threshold" and "On Baile's Strand." This is the third volume of plays written by Mr. Yeats for an Irish theatre.

Mr. R. Mudie-Smith,
under whose superintendence the *Daily News* Census was taken, has just edited a work entitled "The Religious Life of London," a review of which appears in another column.
Photo by W. H. Harrison, Onslow Place, South Kensington.

Messrs. Harper and Bros. have made a discovery which may turn out of some literary value. They have struck upon an association of young writers of fiction styling themselves "The Magpie Club." It is the business of the members of this club to read each other's manuscripts and criticise them freely. To gain admission to this select circle the members have set for themselves a very high standard of literary excellence in order to ensure work of distinction. The manuscripts of the first three books to be published, we understand, have been read by several literary people competent to judge of their value, and they have unanimously pronounced their opinion that the works are of unusual interest, and besides being of high literary quality, having a distinctive style of their own. The names of the first three books, which Messrs. Harper and Bros. will publish within the course of the next few weeks, are as follows:—"Yarborough the Premier," by A. R. Weekes; "Love in Chief," by R. K. Weekes; and "Lance in Rest," by L. A. Talbot.

Milton lovers will, we think, be interested to learn that over £270 has already been collected through the instrumentality of *T. P.'s Weekly* Milton Memorial Fund, raised for the purpose of placing the bronze statue of the poet outside St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, which Mr. Deputy T. J. Baddeley generously announced that he would present for the purpose. It was found necessary that the church itself should be repaired and that the land in the north front should be secured as an open space. At least £3,500 was required, of which £2,500 has already been promised. Thus £1,000 is still wanted, and the above-mentioned Memorial Fund is doing excellent work towards obtaining this sum.

Photo Beales and Co.

Mr. Alphonse Courlander.

Author of "The Taskmaster," a novel recently published by Messrs. Duckworth and Co.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1904.

Notwithstanding a slight revival from the reaction following the height of the last season, a tone of dulness has been the prevailing feature of the past month, and the sales effected have, with the exception of the 6s. novel, been more limited than is customary for the time of year. It is difficult to point to any particular reason for the slackness, as it is evidently the effect of various contributory causes.

The output has increased considerably, and the new issues in 6s. fiction are again assuming large proportions. The following have been among the most prominent of the recent volumes: "My Friend Prospero," "Foam and Mist," "Abandoned," "Stella Fregelius," and "Thyra Varrick." The work, however, which has proved the most popular item in this line is "Through Sorrow's Gates," by Halliwell Sutcliffe, although "Four Feathers," and "Barlasch of the Guard," together with several other already favourite books, have well maintained their attractiveness.

A new work, entitled "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," by the author of the well-known "Elizabeth and her German Garden," has been well received.

The two most popular items of Biography which appeared during the autumn, notably "The Life of Mr. Gladstone," by John Morley, and Lord Wolseley's "Story of a Soldier's Life," have also continued to be steadily in request.

The story of Sir Walter Scott's famous young friend, Marjorie Fleming, has been told anew by L. Macbean, and the issue has proved that a very large amount of interest is still evinced in the short but brilliant career of that famous child genius.

Scholastic literature has been much in evidence during the past few weeks, and it would appear from the number of French and German text-books disposed of, that the study of Continental languages is now much more widely taken up even in the elementary schools.

The number of pamphlets and brochures upon the Fiscal Question is legion, but with the exception of Mr. Balfour's "Notes," and the re-issue of articles from the *Daily Telegraph* in a collected form, none have attained to any great measure of success. Indeed, judging from the general reception given to this class of literature, it would appear that the public rely entirely upon the various daily papers, or have but a lethargic interest in the subject. "John Bull's Adventures in Fiscal Wonderland," illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould, has, however, sold freely.

The recent outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan has brought forth the re-issue of several works dealing with the Far East, together with a few new volumes, and two of the more popular lines have been "Queer Things about Japan," by Douglas Sladen, and "Korea," by Angus Hamilton. The principal sales have been in Maps, one of which has circulated to about 1,000 copies daily. Although only indirectly connected with this subject, it may here be mentioned that a book upon "Japanese Physical Training," by H. J. Hancock, has been much in request.

"The Light Invisible," by Robert Benson; "Odd Craft," and "Light Freights," by W. W. Jacobs, have proved the most attractive items at 3s. 6d.

Mention must again be made of the continued extensive sales of the Life of Gipsy Smith.

Hazell's Annual has been conspicuous during the month, and the sales of Whitaker's Almanack, the Daily Mail Year Book, together with many other almanacks and directories, have materially helped to increase the amount of business transacted.

The appearance, amongst the magazines, of the *Rapid Review* was very successful, and it is undoubtedly already in the front rank.

The sale in sixpenny reprints has slightly increased.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Through Sorrow's Gates. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Unwin.)
My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. (Lane.)
Abandoned. By W. Clark Russell. (Methuen.)
Thyra Varrick. By A. E. Barr. (Unwin.)
Stella Fregelius. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
Four Feathers. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder.)
Barlasch of the Guard. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
An American Prisoner. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
Heart of Rome. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. (Heinemann.)

Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. By the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden.
Gladstone, W. E., Life. By John Morley. 3 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)
Japanese Physical Training. By H. J. Hancock. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

John Bull's Adventures in Fiscal Wonderland. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Hazell's Annual, 1904. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Keeper's Book. By Various Authors. 3s. 6d. net. (G. Morton.)
Life of Gipsy Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Law.)
Moberlev (R. L.), Sorrow, Sin, and Beauty. 2s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
The Story of Pet Marjorie. By L. Macbean. 6s. (Simpkin.)
The Light Invisible. By R. Benson. 3s. 6d. (Isbister.)
Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Whitaker.)
Daily Mail Year Book. 1s. 6d. net. (Office.)
Queer Things About Japan. By D. Sladen. 21s. net. (Treherne.)
Korea. By Angus Hamilton. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)
Various Almanacks, Diaries, and Directories.
War Maps.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week Ending—
Jan. 23—A steady demand.
" 30—Trade quieter, especially in export.
Feb. 6—A fairly brisk week.
" 13—Trade steadily maintained.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JANUARY 18TH TO FEBRUARY 18TH, 1904.

Booksellers always anticipate that the time under review will prove the very quietest throughout the year, but owing to the outbreak of hostilities in the Far East they experienced unexpectedly quite a brisk trade.

Everything calculated to impart information about Japan, either historically or geographically, was much in request, and of course the sale of War Maps formed a very considerable feature of business done.

Probably the book attracting special interest was Douglas Sladen's "Queer Things in Japan," and in war maps those issued by W. and A. Johnston, J. Bartholomew and Co., Newnes, and the *Daily Mail* Office, were specially successful. In this connection mention may also be made of the book entitled "Japanese Physical Training," by H. J. Hancock.

Cheap editions of popular works, such as Sidney Lee's "Life of Queen Victoria," and Fraser's "Real Siberia," were sure to attract attention; and in connection with the usual Burns celebrations throughout the country, Lockhart's "Life of Burns," issued in Hutchinson's "Biographies," and Henderson's "Burns," the new volume in Methuen's "Little Biographies," were much in request.

Although published at what might well have been thought an inopportune time, "The Keeper's Book," a guide to the duties of a gamekeeper, by Walker and Mackie, had a remarkably quick sale. The first edition passed out of print in a few weeks.

The most prominent six shilling novels were "Red Morn," by Max Pemberton; "My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland; "American Prisoner," by Eden Phillpotts; and "Through Sorrow's Gates," by Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Newnes' "Handy Touring Atlas" was found to be of much interest to quite a large circle, and on account of its shrewd common-sense a little volume, entitled "Business Success," by G. C. Millar, was readily bought. Collins' Handy Illustrated Pocket Novels, of wonderful value, deservedly found purchasers, and Cassell's National Library seemed to gain in popularity with the issue of every new volume. A cheap edition of "Lovely Woman," in an attractive illustrated cover, was found to sell well at the railway bookstalls.

Sixpenny reprints of popular works were not so prominent as usual in general business done. Those most noticeable were "Red Pottage," "The Red House," "Rome," "The Sign of the Spider," "A Self-made Countess," and a cheap edition of "Anticipations," by H. G. Wells.

As a monthly publication it was gratifying to notice that the new issue of "Pictures from *Punch*," with its charming reproductions of the best art in that journal, had a ready sale; and the most recent comers in the magazine field, chiefly *Technics* and the *Rapid Review*, especially the latter, met with immediate encouragement on account of the excellency of its summary of leading articles in the various magazines.

Our list of best selling books is as follows:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Red Morn. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. (Lane.)
American Prisoner. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
Through Sorrow's Gates. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Unwin.)
Rebecca. By K. D. Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
Shipmates in Sunshine. By Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson.)
Sirdar's Oath. By "B. Milford." (White.)
Remembrance. By Mrs. L. Cameron. (Long.)
Sly Boots. By J. S. Winter. (Long.)

Miscellaneous.

Queen Victoria. By Sidney Lee. (Smith, Elder.)
The Keeper's Book. By Walker and Mackie. 3s. 6d. net. (Morton.)
Lovely Woman. By T. W. H. Crosland. 1s. net. (Richards.)
Business Success. By G. C. Millar. 1s. (Scott.)
Lockhart's Life of Burns. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Photo Elliott and Fry. **Mr. Herbert Paul.**

Two volumes of Mr. Paul's work, "A History of Modern England," have just been published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

Queer Things in Japan. By D. Sladen. 21s. net. (Treherne.)
Real Siberia. By J. F. Fraser. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Japanese Physical Training. By H. J. Hancock. 5s. net. (Putnam.)
Handy Touring Atlas. 1s. net. (Newnes.)
Cassell's National Library Volumes. 6d. net.
Voices in the Night. By F. A. Steel. 2s. (Heinemann.)
The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. 2s. (Heinemann.)
A Consummate Scoundrel. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (White.)
Collins' Handy Illustrated Pocket Novels. 1s. net.
Concerning Golf. By John L. Low. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Whitaker's Almanack. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net.
War Maps at 2s., 1s., and 6d. (Various Publishers.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

MARCH 5—APRIL 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

March 5th.

CROCKETT, S. R.—Strong Mac, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

March 7th.

The Best Plays of Thomas Dekker. Notes by Ernest Rhys. Mermaid Series. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net... (Fisher Unwin)
HORNE, H. P., ARTHUR SYMONS, A. W. VERITY, H. ELLIS (Editors).—Nero, and Other Plays, 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
REID, FORREST.—The Kingdom of Twilight. First Novel Library. 6s ..... (Fisher Unwin)
TOMPKINS, HERBERT W.—Marsh Country Rambles, 6s. (Chatto)
ACTON, LORD.—Letters to Mary, daughter of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 15s. net ..... (George Allen)

March 8th.

RUSKIN, JOHN.—Stones of Venice. Vol. III. Library Edition, Vol. XI. 21s. net ..... (George Allen)

March 9th.

ELLIS, EDWIN J.—Anthony Polgate, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
WARD, REV. F. W. ORDE.—The Prisoner of Love, 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
PAIN, BARRY.—The One Before. Popular Edition. 1s. net (Grant Richards)
WATTS-DUNTON, T.—Aylwin. World's Classic. 1s. and 2s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
Buckle's History of Civilisation. World's Classic. 1s. and 2s. net (Grant Richards)

March 10th.

CHESNEY, WEATHERBY.—The Tragedy of the Great Emerald, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
HUGHES, C. E.—The Praise of Shakespeare, 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
ELLABY, C. G.—Rome. Little Studies. 3s. net and 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Craig. Richard II., Twelfth Night. Little Quarto Shakespeare. 2 vols. 1s. net each (Methuen)
OLIPHANT, MRS.—Whiteladies. New Edition. 3s. 6d. (Chatto)

March 11th.

HOCKING, JOSEPH.—Esau, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
GREEN, A. K.—A Strange Disappearance, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Antiquary, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)

March 14th.

HARDY, REV. E. J.—How to be Happy though Married, 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.—Liza of Lambeth, 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
BECKE, LOUIS.—The Strange Adventures of Jas. Sherringtons. Popular Copyright Novels. 2s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
HARE, A. J. C.—Venice. Revised by St. Clair Baddeley. 3s. (George Allen)

March 15th.

HOPE, GRAHAM.—The Gage of Red and White, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
TOWNSHEND, D.—The Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork, 18s. net ..... (Duckworth)
STONE, J. M.—Reformation and Renaissance (1377 to 1610), 16s. net ..... (Duckworth)
CHESTERTON, G. K.—G. F. Watts. Popular Library of Art. 2s. net and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Duckworth)

March 16th.

"Isobel" of *Home Notes* (Editor).—Pearson's Home Management. Part IV. 7d. net ..... (Pearson)

March 17th.

RHYS, GRACE.—The Prince of Lisnover, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
LINDEN, ANNIE.—A Woman of Sentiment, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
STREATFEILD, R. A.—Shelley at Oxford, 2s. net ... (Methuen)
SANDERS, LLOYD (Editor).—Selections from the Anti-Jacobin. Little Library. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
POLLARD, ELIZA.—Greuze and Boucher. Little Art Series. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
BAGOT, RICHARD.—A Roman Mystery, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
SICHEL, WALTER.—Dizraeli, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—What Ought She to Do? 6s. (Chatto)

March 18th.

TRACY, LOUIS.—The Albert Gate Affair, 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
FARRAR, REGINALD.—The Life of Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, 6s. net ..... (Nisbet and Co.)
LEYS, JOHN K.—A Prisoner's Secret, 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
BOOTHBY, GUY.—A Sailor's Bride, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
GREEN, A. K.—Out of a Labyrinth, 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
VARIOUS AUTHORS.—Ideals of Science and Faith. Edited by Rev. J. E. Hand. 7s. 6d. net ..... (George Allen)

March 21st.

HALES, A. G.—The Watcher on the Tower, 6s.... (Fisher Unwin)
"A FOREIGN RESIDENT."—London Society in the New Reign, 16s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

March 23rd.

HOLLAND, CLIVE.—Mousmé, 6d. ..... (Pearson)
GARDNER, GEORGE.—Rabbit-Keeping for Pleasure or Profit, 1s. (Pearson)
SANTOS-DUMONT, ALBERTO.—My Airships: The Story of My Life, 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
SMITH, ADAM.—Wealth of Nations. Vol. I. World's Classic. 1s. and 2s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
GIBBON, EDWARD.—Roman Empire. Vol. IV. World's Classic. 1s. and 2s. net ..... (Grant Richards)

March 24th.

MERRIMAN, HENRY SETON.—Other Stories, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
BARR, ROBERT.—The Lady Electra, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
HICHENS, ROBERT.—The Woman with the Fan, 6s. (Methuen)
EGAN, PIERCE.—The Life of an Actor. Illustrated Pocket Library. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
By Himself.—The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherburg, 2s. 6d. net (Methuen)
BURN, J. H.—A Day-Book from the Saints and Fathers. Library of Devotion. 2s. net and 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—Nanon, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
WILSON, A. J.—The Insurance Industry. Books on Business. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
CUNINGHAM, H. (Editor).—A Midsummer Night's Dream. Arden Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
OHNET, GEORGES.—The Money Market (Le Brasseur d'Affaires), 6s. ..... (Chatto)

March 25th.

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—Anna the Adventuress, 6s.... (Ward, Lock)
OTTOLENGUI, RODRIGUES.—A Conflict of Evidence, 6d. (Ward, Lock)
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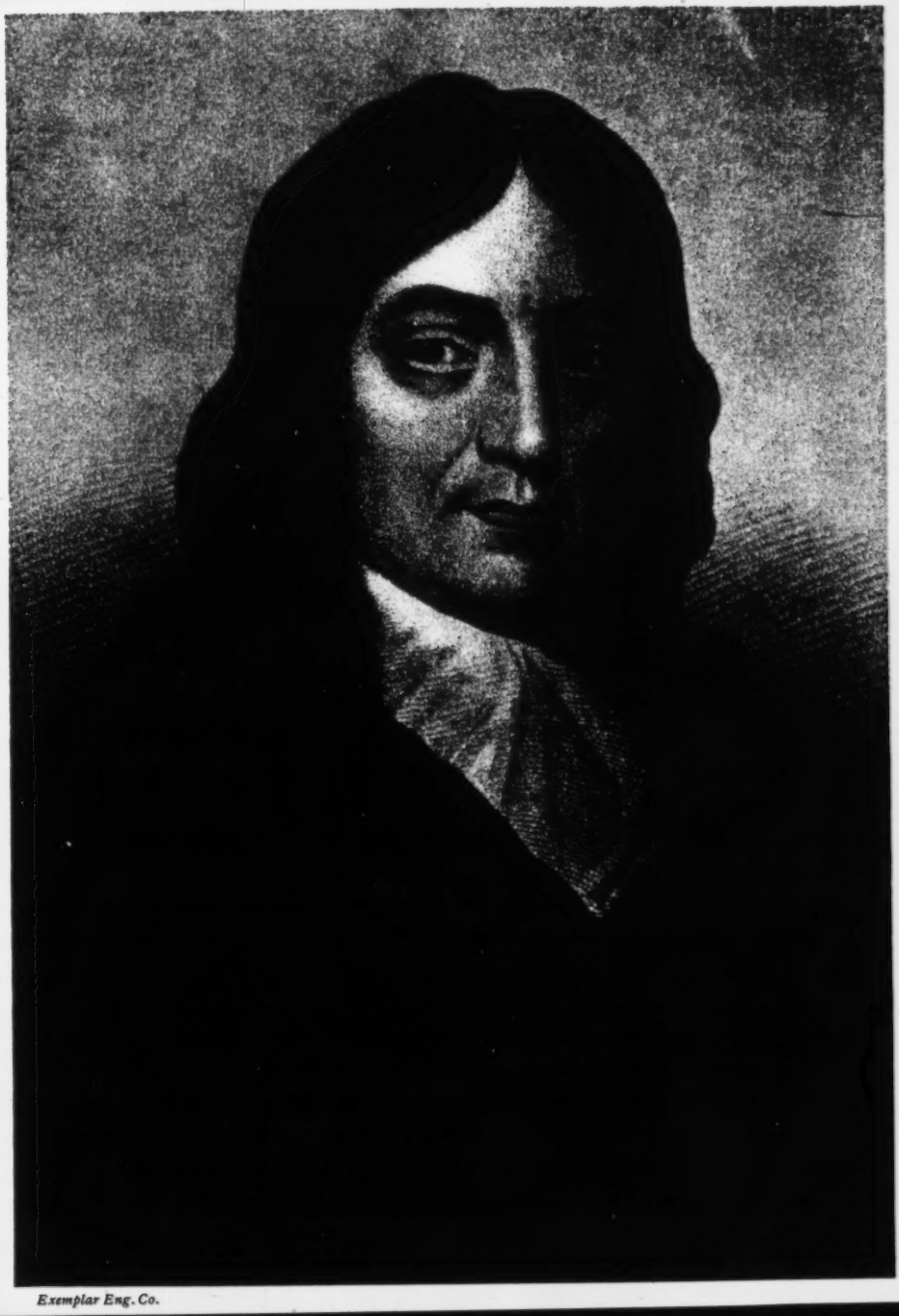


Exemplar Eng. Co.

From a Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., in the National Gallery.

The Defeat of Comus.

. . . . . "with dauntless hardihood
And brandished blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink."

. . . . . .

What! have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast." —"Comus."

The Reader.

JOHN MILTON.

By J. H. Lobban.

IN his essay, "Of Persons one would wish to have Seen," Hazlitt has described Lamb's objection to the summoning up of the Shade of Milton. "'No,' said Lamb, 'as to Milton's face, the impressions that have come down to us of it I do not like; it is too starched and puritanical; and I should be afraid of losing some of the manna of his poetry in the leaven of his countenance and the precisian's band and gown.'" In choosing his shadowy guests for that imaginary symposium, Lamb had every right to give a loose rein to personal likes and dislikes, and however much literary criticism may protest against the intrusion of such considerations, it has been granted to few, if any, critics to view Milton through a flawless and unclouded glass. From William Winstanley, of unhappy memory, who observed that Milton's "fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink," we proceed to Johnson, who made a desperate and almost ludicrous effort to preserve the balance of impartiality, and hence to the "passionate veneration" of Landor, Macaulay, and Hazlitt. It is indeed pardonable to wish that Milton, like his only peer in English letters, had trod "on earth unguess'd at." But the vanity of such a wish is due not to the result of indiscreet biographical curiosity, but to the extraordinary frankness with which Milton chose to reveal himself in his works. When the poet of "Paradise Lost" descended from the "iced mountain top" of song into the hot and dusty arena of party strife, he unjustly incurred a penalty which his reputation still pays. Almost with the single exception of Mr. William Winstanley, the world has accepted the opinion, which finds expression in the splendid deliverance of Johnson, that Milton's "work is not the greatest of heroic poems only because it is not the first"; but there always have been, and will be, many who, like Charles Lamb, venerate the poet but cannot bring themselves to love the man.

In his "Life of Milton"—notorious for its critical lapses, but surely even more remarkable for its fearless honesty and the ultimate triumph of sound literary judgment over political prejudice—Johnson lays curious emphasis on the fact that "every house in which he resided is historically mentioned, as if it were an injury to neglect any place that he honoured by his presence." The roll of London-born poets is long and illustrious—it includes Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson, Pope, Byron, Keats—but it is the crowning literary glory of the City that Milton was born and is buried in its midst. On December 9th, 1608—the year of the publication of "King Lear"—Milton was born at the sign of the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, Cheapside. His father, John Milton, who had been disinherited for renouncing the Catholic faith, was so successful in his practice as a notary that by the time the poet had left the university he had retired from business to a small estate at Horton, Buckinghamshire. From his father Milton inherited his love of music, and to the wise liberality, "and ceaselesse diligence and care of my father, whom God recompence," he owed it that till his thirty-second year he was absolutely free to devote himself to study and to travel. Educated at first privately by Thomas Young, a St. Andrews graduate, Milton in 1620 became a scholar at St. Paul's, where he had as a fellow-pupil Charles Diodati, whose early death he mourned in the best of his Latin poems, the Epitaphium Damonis. At

John Milton, from the "Onslow" Portrait.

Painted when he was "a Cambridge schollar," and purchased after his widow's death from her executor by Speaker Onslow.

"How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Sto!'n on his wing my three-and-twenti'th year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th."
—Milton's Sonnet VII. (On his being arrived at the age of 23).

the age of seventeen Milton entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where, with the exception of a short period of "rustication," on account of a quarrel with his tutor, he remained for seven years, having among his contemporaries Jeremy Taylor and Edward King (Lycidas). On taking his degree in 1632, Milton finally abandoned the idea of entering the Church, and joined his father at Horton, where he spent six of the happiest years of his life in "industrious and select reading, steddy observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affaires."

The life and works of Milton fall naturally into three divisions, and the minor poems, the prose writings, and "Paradise Lost" correspond exactly with the three stages of the poet's life as student, politician, and poet, "self-dedicated to the magnificent purpose of writing a great Epic in his mother-tongue." Milton was not remarkable for his precocity. His earliest verses, written at the age of fifteen, were two indifferent paraphrases of the Psalms, one of which, like two of Addison's adventures in the same direction, retains a place in modern hymnals. From a very early age Milton had fixed on his high vocation and had determined "to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue." This steadfast resolution finds expression in the Sonnet "On his being arrived to the age of twenty-three"; in Lycidas he mourns the "bitter constraint and sad occasion dear" which turns him from his purpose; it is repeated again in that splendid passage in "The Reason of Church-government Urg'd against Prelatry," when the poet, with a calm self-confidence which is saved from being arrogance only by his matchless achievement, confesses an inward prompting that he "might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die"; and in the ninth book of "Paradise Lost" he again describes himself as "long choosing and beginning late." The Minor Poems Milton himself regarded as merely preliminary exercises. In the sonnet already referred to he deplores that "my late Spring no bud or blossom showeth," but two years before this line was written he had composed the ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," in which the "organ voice" already finds magnificent expression. Of all the Minor Poems the most remarkable feature is their complete originality of style. There is no direct obligation to Spenser, none to the metaphysical school. In later years, when he "was soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him," he wrote of his "unpremeditated verse." But his early poems were not written without the help of the lamp and the file, so that the young poet's metrical originality is all the more surprising. The Minor Poems, all the best of which were written before the poet was thirty, entitle Milton to rank with the greatest English lyricists. Sir Henry Wotton found in them a certain "Doric delicacy," and even Johnson was not blind to their "cast, original and unborrow'd." Next to "Paradise Lost," it is generally agreed that "Comus" is the fairest flower in the Miltonic anthology, and the incomparable invocation to "Sabrina fair" is without question the first of Milton's lyrics. To Milton were denied the wild-wood sweetness of the Elizabethan lyric, the fine, careless rapture of the Restoration troubadours; but, to compensate, he has a chastened and cloistered beauty of his own, "most musical, most melancholy." These early poems, read in their relation to their author's life, are not without pathetic significance. Sober and demure as they are, even in the tripping verses of L'Allegro, they are Milton's only approach to "jest and youthful jollity"; they reflect the only perfectly happy years of his life. Even before the poems were collectively published, the stage had darkened and the curtain had fallen on the happiest act of Milton's life. From motives which have been strangely misrepresented, Milton, obeying what he took to be the clear call to an imperative duty, thrust aside what was the ambition of his life, and gave himself heart and soul and pen to the service of the Commonwealth.

For Milton in the capacity of what Johnson calls a "controvertist" his most strenuous admirers have recourse to apology. Allowance being made for the controversial spirit of the age and for the gravity of the issues at stake, Milton's methods of warfare are not superior to those of that veteran swashbuckler, John Knox. He had always the "purple passage," which was only rarely granted to Knox, but in another matter of prime importance to a "controvertist" he was manifestly Knox's inferior; for if he had his ferocity he certainly

had not his fun. Among Milton's earlier poems are two sets of verses on Old Hobson, which some collectors of humorous verse, relying too absolutely on Milton's word of honour, have incorporated in their volumes. To look for humour in Milton is to expect the Muse to caper to the strains of an anthem. It was the poet's sovereign defect. The want of it undoubtedly accounts for many things in the somewhat drab-coloured story of his life; it is accountable, too, for most of the few spots which his epic has revealed under the searchlight of criticism; but it was absolutely fatal to his reputation as a pamphleteer. Of Milton's prose style generally, opinions have been nearly as sharply divided as of his political conduct. The question depends entirely on whether it is the warp or the woof of Milton's style that is considered. In his most vituperative pamphlets, such as those on the Smectymnus controversy, there are passages innumerable that are to be counted among the glories of English prose. And then the "Areopagitica," "brocaded stiff with gold"! But Milton did not always use gold embroidery, nor did he always construct his sentences with the care with which he built the lofty rhyme. He is turgid hardly less often than he is magnificent, and professors of rhetoric need not be abused if they all warn us to be content with admiring Milton's cloth of gold, and to seek a less dazzling pattern from the later founders of the "genteel school," or to take Johnson's advice and consult with Mr. Spectator. Regarding his prose, Milton himself did not, as in the case of his verse, anticipate modern eulogy. "In this manner of writing, knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand."

The political wisdom of Milton must remain a matter of historical controversy, but happily the time is past for anyone to assail his probity. That he used the coarsest weapons may be matter of regret, but other stain on his shield there is none. With the knowledge of his life that was available even to his earliest critics, it is almost inconceivable that Milton's motives should have been impugned. His poetical ambition was the be-all and the end-all of his life. How bitter, then, the constraint which caused him to sacrifice his health, his sight, his fortune, and his *time* to what he honestly believed to be his duty to the state! Milton's courage was sublime. In controversy he was no paid hireling working behind the scenes, but the head and front of the offence, risking, as he knew, even life itself. And when all his hopes were shattered with the Restoration, the poet, now in his fifty-second year, "on evil days now fallen and evil tongues," retired into obscurity to essay the fulfilment of what he took to be his heaven-appointed task.

"Cyriack, this three-years-day, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor, to their idle orbs, doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer

John Milton at the Age of Ten, 1618.

Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN from the original painting attributed to Cornelius Janssen, now in the possession of J. Passmore Edwards, Esq., by kind permission of the owner.

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things."
—Autobiographical passage from "Paradise Regained," placed by the engraver underneath Janssen's portrait of Milton.

Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

As early as 1639, in his Latin verses addressed to Manso, the friend of Tasso, Milton hinted at a project for a national epic dealing with King Arthur, and makes more explicit reference in his "Epitaphium Damonis." (Dryden, later, confessed a similar design.) But two years afterwards, in the list of projects which he left in manuscript, King Arthur had yielded first place to "Paradise Lost." Milton's first idea was to give the poem a dramatic form, but this was discarded when, sixteen years later, the blind poet set to work with feverish energy. His poetical vein, he has told us, flowed happily only "from the autumnal to the vernal equinox." Johnson naturally underlined this fact and made very merry over it, but it only increases the marvel that so soon as 1665 the completed manuscript of "Paradise Lost" was given by the poet to Ellwood, his young Quaker friend. The poem had been dictated in instalments of ten or twenty lines to any amanuensis available; the work of revision occupied nearly two years; first the Plague and then the Great Fire retarded its publication; and at last, in August, 1667, Samuel Simmons, of Aldersgate Street, published "Paradise Lost" in a small quarto volume of 350 pages, at the price, in present-day value, of half a guinea. For the first edition of the poem, which was exhausted in 1669,

Milton received in all a sum amounting to about thirty-four pounds. A second edition followed in the year of his death, 1674; a third in 1678, after which the publisher purchased the copyright for a further payment equivalent to twenty-seven pounds.

With the appearance of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes," in 1671, Milton's work was finished. The miscellaneous prose writing of his last decade is remarkable only for the proof it offers of Milton's brave resolve, in spite of blindness and adversity, to carry to completion the projects of his young ambition. A Latin Dictionary, at which he laboured, says his nephew, "almost to his dying day," was not left in a state for publication, but he lived to complete his History of Britain to the Conquest, a Latin grammar, a treatise on Logic, and a couple of pamphlets. On November 8th, 1674, at last the "care was over," and Milton, in his sixty-fifth year, succumbed to an attack of gout. Four days later he was buried, beside his father, in St. Giles, Cripplegate, the historic church twice menaced by the Great Fires of 1666 and 1897. In his own *Samson* is his best epitaph:

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

Of the poet's domestic unhappiness much has been written in a strain of grotesque exaggeration, and charity, habitually generous to the most surprising demands of the "artistic temperament," has conceded nothing to the austerity and asceticism of Milton. To scorn delights and live laborious days was Milton's abiding infirmity, and it is one that not unnaturally has won more admiration in the critic's study than it did in the poet's home. Except when he unbent in the fierce delights of controversy, Milton remained at an altitude almost beyond the range of sympathy, friendship, or love. But Milton's life was not entirely devoid of these. One of the noblest of his sonnets immortalises Catherine Woodcock, the wife whom he never saw, whose

> "face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
> Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined."

And the evening of his life was made happy no less by his third marriage than by the number of young admirers eager to do for their blind master what his own undutiful but not very blameable daughters had either not the ability or not the will to perform. Very rarely in the works of Milton are we permitted to see him without his garland and his singing robes. But in one of his sonnets he comes so near the earth as to ask a friend to lunch, and the invitation is given in the trumpet tones of the Archangel Gabriel reproving inquisitive Adam.

From his own time to this, Milton's proud assurance of his poetical immortality has never been disputed. No poet ever gained his kingdom more quickly or held it more securely. Immediately after the publication of "Paradise Lost," Dryden is credited with saying, "This man cuts us all out and the ancients too," and twenty-one years later he expressed the same thought in the famous sextet under Milton's picture in Tonson's folio edition of 1688. (It is interesting to recall that Milton's first published lines were the epitaph on Shakespeare, printed in the second folio of 1632.) In view of Milton's poor opinion of the heroic couplet, Dryden's lines do honour to his critical impartiality, but we cannot forget that, having received Milton's scornful leave to "tag" his verses, Dryden in an evil hour turned "Paradise Lost" into what is little better than the libretto of a comic opera. Before the end of the seventeenth century "Paradise Lost" had gone through six editions, and after the parting sneers of Rymer and Winstanley there was scarcely a jarring note in

> "the fair musick that all 'critics' made
> In perfect diapason."

Addison's celebrated but shallow papers on Milton in the *Spectator* were essentially retrograde in their critical tendency, and his and Bentley's "improvements" remain danger-signals in the path of critical emendation. The most extraordinary contribution of the eighteenth century to Miltonic literature was the work of an ingenious gentleman called Green (his Christian name and date are undeservedly forgotten), who wrote a "New Version of the Paradise Lost into Blank Verse, by which that Amazing Work is brought somewhat nearer to the Summit of Perfection." The real importance of Milton to the eighteenth century lies not, however, in the criticism he inspired, but in the direct influence he wielded. To historians of literature who love to arrange their authors into watertight compartments or "schools," Milton has always proved a trial. For he is not Elizabethan, nor is he "metaphysical," nor has he usually been called Classical. Accordingly he has generally figured in text-books as a brilliant meteor that dropped like a bolt from the blue into the dark ages of the Commonwealth. After Professor Raleigh's brilliant monograph, it is to be hoped that Milton will henceforth find his proper position at the head of the "Classical school." For Professor Raleigh not only reminds us by demonstration that the poetry of the century was saturated with the Miltonic style, but he contends with every show of truth that the much canvassed poetic diction of the classical school was not the creation of Dryden, but was brought into the world of letters by Milton through the medium of Adam's speeches to our "general mother."

GOSSE'S LIFE OF JEREMY TAYLOR.*

By RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

MR. GOSSE'S Life of Jeremy Taylor possesses the first requisite of a good biography, it is written *con amore*. This quality, always of the first importance, is most indispensable when admiration is needed to vivify the repose, or illuminate the obscurity, of a mainly intellectual life. It is not that Taylor's existence was not chequered with many and sharp passages of trial, but these almost elude the biographer.

* "Jeremy Taylor." By Edmund Gosse. English Men of Letters. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

He was afflicted by the loss of a wife whom he never mentions save to record her decease. His grief for the deaths of his children must have been intense, but neither it nor they are brought near to us by a single graphic touch. Though undergoing much rough usage in the Civil War, he was not more maltreated than the Royalist clergy in general. When, in his latter years, he appears the martyr of an official position alien to his gentle nature, we are for the first time unable to accord him our full sympathy, some of which necessarily goes to his unamiable but fervent and disinterested opponents. During the golden period of his Welsh seclusion he almost escapes the biographer, concealed like a Homeric hero by a friendly deity in a thick mist, forth from which proceeds *vox et praeterea nihil*. Mr. Gosse has done everything possible to impart substance to this shadow, and has succeeded well, as competent biographers generally will when their pens are guided like his by admiration and affection. It is remarkable, and to Taylor's honour, that such has been the dominant feeling among his biographers, for by far the most valuable source is the funeral sermon preached by his devoted friend George Rust, who was soon afterwards buried by his side. A funeral sermon, however, even when of stupendous length, can be but an imperfect substitute for a regular biography. Much, and unfortunately more than at a later day was practicable, was left for a kindred spirit, Reginald Heber, whose biography, greatly improved and extended by the labours of the Rev. C. P. Eden, continues the standard memoir, but, anchored to the edition of Taylor's works in fifteen volumes which it ushers in, is unavailable for general reference. A work on the scale and in the spirit of Mr. Gosse's was accordingly much needed, and he will make Taylor a reality to many to whom he has hitherto been but a name. Of one source open to Rust's successors he has deprived himself, rejecting as unauthentic many particulars of some piquancy related by them upon the authority of "Lady Wray," an alleged granddaughter of Jeremy Taylor's, but in whom Mr. Gosse beholds a myth. Since the Rev. Alexander Gordon, in his article on Taylor in the Dictionary of National Biography, does not mention Lady Wray, and records no circumstance which is not also recorded by Mr. Gosse, we must conclude that Mr. Gosse's scepticism is supported by the judgment of this eminently careful and judicious biographer.

From the Painting by G. H. Boughton, R.A. **Milton's First Love.**

"She looked as Venus herself would wish to appear to mortals, as the Queen of the Gods was to be seen of old. This fair one mischievous Cupid, remembering his threat, had thrown in my way; he alone wove the snare for me. Not far off lurked the sly god himself, with many arrows and the great weight of his torch hanging from his back. And without delay he clings first to the maiden's eyebrows and then to her mouth; now he nestles in her lips and then he settles on her cheeks; and whatever parts the nimble archer wanders over, he wounds my unarmed heart, alas! in a thousand places."—Milton's "Seventh Elegy, in the author's nineteenth year"

(Reproduced, by courteous permission of the artist, from a photogravure published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.)

Some errors in matters of fact have been already pointed out by reviewers, and will no doubt be rectified upon occasion. In a more important point, the faculty of keeping the attention alive and investing the narrative throughout with the quality of interest, Mr. Gosse's work is second to few in the series of which it forms part, no small commendation, considering how rich this has been in masterpieces of miniature biography. The only considerable shortcoming appears to us the omission to justify by quotations the high character ascribed to Taylor's writings. It is a real Barmecide feast to

From a Drawing by A. Garth Jones. **Comus.**

"Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
And you a statue; or, as Daphne was,
Rootbound, that fled Apollo."

(Reproduced from "The Minor Poems of John Milton," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

be continually regaled with encomiums of whose justice no evidence is vouchsafed, and which have not always the guarantee of Mr. Gosse's assent, since he cites the extravagant hyperboles of Coleridge without expressing the disapproval of which he must assuredly be conscious. The reader may resent being expected to take so much upon trust. Some retrenchment—not of irrelevancies, for Mr. Gosse is never irrelevant—but of sentences which merely expand the thought of the sentence immediately preceding—would have afforded ample space. In one place, by skilfully interweaving his author's language with his own, Mr. Gosse has contrived to bring Taylor's style vividly before the reader. We quote the passage as a pattern of ingenious and graceful criticism:—

"He writes with extraordinary happiness about light and water. Nothing would be easier, if we had the space, than to produce an anthology from his works, and confine it scrupulously to those two themes. He is quick beyond any other man then living in observing the effects of flashes of lightning in a dark-room, of beams of the sun breaking through the vapour of rain and divided by it into two sheaves of rays, of wax candles burning in the sunshine, of different qualities of beautiful radiance in the eyes of a woman, a child, of a hawk. Light escaping from, or dispersed by, or streaming through cloud, is incessantly interesting to him. But perhaps it is in all the forms of water that he most delights, water bubbling up through turf, or standing in drops on stone, or racing down a country lane; the motion and whisper of little wandering rivulets; the 'purls of a spring that sweats through the bottom of a bank, and intenerates the stubborn pavement till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot.' He seems to have been for ever watching the eddies of the Towey and the windings and bubblings of its tributaries, and the music of those erratic waters passed into his speech."

Mr. Gosse distinguishes between Taylor's "great and splendid period," chiefly coinciding with his residence at Golden Grove, and the later time when the new influences which were remodelling English literature began to temper the gorgeousness of his diction, and his style gained in lucidity and sobriety at the expense of grandeur. His sermons, in which "he sounds the whole diapason of majestic eloquence," indicate the summit of his attainment as a master of style, but his "Liberty of Prophesying" is the most memorable of his writings, and has left the most abiding mark upon posterity. Even this celebrated book is less epoch-making than often asserted. It followed, three years afterwards, Roger Williams's "Bloudy Tenent of Persecution" (1644), a work less eloquent, but more really significant, as coming from the victorious party, and which Mr. Gosse would have done well to have mentioned. Williams, it is true, had also his own precursors, and his theme is rather the relation between religious opinions and the civil government; Taylor's, the relations among the Churches. This may partly excuse Taylor's apparent dereliction of principle when, in the latter years of his life, he found himself the ruler of an Irish diocese. The behaviour of the refractory Presbyterian clergy was no doubt exasperating, but Taylor seems to have suffered himself to have been overcome by evil, with little effort to overcome evil with good. In the opinion of Mr. Gordon, which derives additional weight from the writer's local knowledge, Taylor "did more than any man to establish the loyal Presbyterians of the North of Ireland as a separate ecclesiastical body." On the other hand, Mr. Gordon celebrates Taylor's tact in dealing with the Presbyterian gentry; "his eloquence, his hospitality, his urbanity, won them over to the episcopal cause." It was a mistake to have sent him to Ireland; he would have made an incomparable Dean of one of the great metropolitan churches.

Mr. Gosse gives an interesting account of Mrs. Katherine Phillips, "The Matchless Orinda," and of the tractate on friendship, "one of the most beautiful of Taylor's minor works," as he justly says, which regard for her impelled him to write. Here he is more copious in citation than usual, and lets us see that it is among Taylor's distinctions to have imparted a colouring to the style of Emerson. In the account of the controversy between Taylor and Jeanes, there is a singular discrepancy between Mr. Gosse and Mr. Gordon. Mr. Gosse says that Jeanes's handsome testimony to his opponent's merits was paid verbally at the beginning of the controversy; Mr. Gordon that it was expressed in print, at the end. In this case Jeanes cannot be accused of malicious feeling towards Taylor. Mr. Gosse's character of him as "a bitter Puritan" differs widely from that by the Royalist Antony à Wood. "A

scholastical man, a contemner of the world, generous, free hearted, jolly, witty, and facetious."

The errors in details into which Mr. Gosse may have occasionally fallen have little relation to the leading figure of his biography, and in no respect dim or distort his portraiture of the most eloquent of English divines. We conclude with a beautiful descriptive passage, which brings Jeremy Taylor's Irish surroundings in his pre-episcopal days of adversity vividly before the eye, though of the stately mansion which then afforded him a refuge scarce one brick remains upon another :—

"It is difficult to find the remains of Portmore, but as the wanderer plashes about in the marshy flats he becomes aware of a long line of broken brickwork on the crest of a slight eminence looking westward. This ridge, with what was evidently a bowling-green or garden in front of it, descending to the lake, marks the direction of the great terrace which rose from the plans of Inigo Jones soon after the rebellion of 1641. Portmore was not only a noble residence, it was a fortress garrisoned against the Tories of the west. Where now the eye perceives nothing but a low harsh horizon of grazing land in the north and east, in Lord Conway's time there lay a large deer park of oak trees. It is probable that a bridge, all traces of which have disappeared, conducted in a few minutes from Portmore, across the brown and broad trout stream, to the church in which Jeremy Taylor habitually officiated. To reach the latter now it is necessary to take a long, circuitous route. One arrives at last quite suddenly at its impressive desolation. It stands high on an artificial island in the marshes, with a shallow moat encircling it, although quite close to the banks of Lough Beg, which are so low that the round lake looks like a brimming cask buried in the soft soil. The fragments of the church are covered heavily with ivy, and a loose hedge of seedling larches and sweet-briar enrings them, while here and there great cypresses, relics, it is possible, of the Italian gardens of Portmore, soar impressively in the wild, bright place, where there has long ceased to be heard any other sound than the cries of wild fowl."

From a Drawing by A. Garth Jones. **Lycidas.**

"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream."

(Reproduced from "The Minor Poems of John Milton," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

New Books.

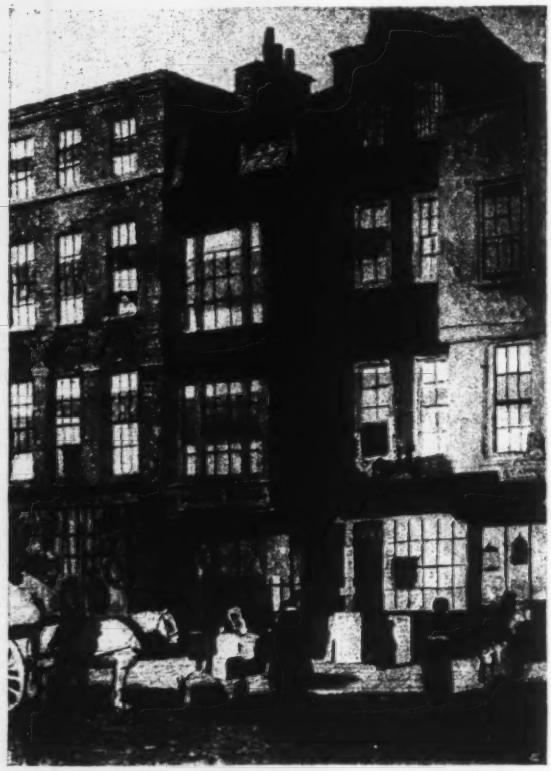
MODERN ENGLAND.*

The losses sustained by English History during the past lustrum have indeed been severe. Within a few years we seem to have lost all the greater lights who threw so much lustre over the revival of historical learning in the universities after the first stormy waves of the Oxford Movement had subsided. It is almost needless to rehearse the names of such scholars as Froude, Gardiner, Stubbs, Seeley, Creighton, Acton, and Lecky. Recruits are badly wanted for the small band of *novi homines*, such as Round, Bury, Firth, Oman, Fisher, and Armstrong, who are setting themselves to repair losses at first sight so irreparable. We gladly welcome such an able volunteer as Mr. Herbert Paul.

Mr. Paul has set himself an ambitious task—that of continuing the History of Modern England from where it was left by Molesworth and Miss Martineau, at the conclusion of the "great peace" down to quite recent times of yesterday, a period only partially covered by the historical writings of Bright, Walpole, and M'Carthy. The marked neglect of modern England from 1815 onwards by the teaching bodies of England, from the universities downward, formed the principal theme of Mr. Prothero in his recent presidential address at the Annual Meeting of the Royal Historical Society. The importance of the study of such a period for all who propose to take any part in public life or in the public service, is so obvious as hardly to need recommendation. Yet so oblivious is our largest Historical School, that of Oxford, of this fact that it simply ignores English History subsequent to 1815, and in the numerous history papers which bear the imprimatur of the various academic bodies of Great Britain it is most exceptional to find a question dealing with the period subsequent to the Reform Bill of 1832. Can there be something specially distasteful to an "age of democracy" in the records of its own doings? Or must we ascribe it to a distrust of the possibility of getting at the truth about modern history from modern historians? By the skill with which he has encountered the difficulties peculiar to the task of the contemporary chronicler Mr. Paul has done much to show that these fears are vain, and he has contributed an important argument to the case of those who plead for the necessity of the inclusion of a period of really modern English History in the curriculum at our places of learning.

Known hitherto for a series of extraordinarily vivacious and epigrammatic Literary essays—notable among them a most admirable vindication of Macaulay from his detractors, Mr. Paul has addressed himself to an almost Titanic task with a youthful energy, rapidity, and daring. If there be any historical Tim Linkinwaters among us, they can hardly fail to be bewildered by the rapidity with which he has shot forth these two volumes of serried facts, and sparkling comments. Mr. Paul's own admiration of Macaulay recalls the years of strenuous preparation which that superbly endowed historian regarded as the least possible preliminary to putting pen to paper, of the pamphlets read to yield a sentence, and the journeys made to verify a single epithet. All experience has gone to show that there is no Muse, not even that of Epic Poetry, more jealous than the Muse of History. The great historians, the Gibbons, the Grotes, the Mommsens, the Rankes, the Buckles and Macaulays (we might add the Freemans and the Froudes), worshipped History like a mistress, and devoted their nights and days, their

* "A History of Modern England." By Herbert Paul. Vols. I. and II. 8s. 6d. net each. (Macmillan, 1904.)



From an old Water-Colour Drawing by J. W. Archer.

Milton's House in the Barbican,

To which he removed from Aldersgate in September, 1645.

"Though jammed in with other houses and undistinguished in the line of bustling street, it had the appearance of having once been a commodious enough house in the old fashion; and I have been informed that some of the old windows, consisting of thick bits of dim glass lozenged in lead, still remained in it at the back, and that the occupants knew one of the rooms in it as 'the Schoolroom,' where Milton had used to teach his pupils."—Masson's "Life of Milton."

amusements, their money, their eyesight, their health itself into the bargain very often, to the task of winning her favours and learning her secrets. When they made plans and time tables they always left generous spaces a year or two (what is a year in the eyes of Historic Truth?) to the task, so luxurious in its results, so arduous in its exercise, of verifying, rewriting, and (with a big P) Polishing. But the history of Modern England, the cynic may exclaim, is not worth all this trouble. Thucydides did not argue thus when he was preparing a chronicle of that great conflict of his own day, which has remained the supreme model for the historians of over twenty centuries. We are far from thinking so in the present instance, for the History that Mr. Paul has set before us is so extremely good that we do not hesitate to express the hope, which would have been superfluous in an inferior work, that he will give more time and polish to its completion, and so raise it incontestably from the plane of a commercial undertaking into that of one of the histories which soar above every petty prejudice, and influence not merely politicians and crammers, but men and women who wish to live over again the deeds of their fathers, and it may be (who knows?) to gain some experience as to how they may hand on to their posterity the greatest treasure a nation can possess—its good name.

The scale and general outline of the work appears to be fairly adumbrated in the two volumes before us. Each consists of some twenty-eight octavo sheets (448 pages). The History begins with the year 1846, and proceeds (hitherto) at the rate of ten years a volume, so that if it comes down to 1906 it will presumably be completed in six volumes—thus covering the whole period planned out by the two eminent contemporary historians of France, De la Gorce and Gabriel Hanotaux. And now, as we are going to do a writer so able, and so capable of taking a hint, as Mr. Paul, the compliment of being perfectly frank, we must begin by saying that his work begins badly.

A striking feature of all recent histories of the least importance has been a detailed table of contents at the commencement of each volume. This feature is completely absent from the volumes of Mr. Paul's "History." The reader has only to observe the tables prefixed to such works as Creighton's "Papacy," Gardiner's "History," Lecky's "England in the 18th Century," and Mr. Lee's "Queen Victoria," to recognise the unfortunate significance of such an omission. For these tables are not unmeaning typographical luxuries, they are in a very real sense educational appliances, of a high value alike for memorising a subject, for mapping it out in the mind for reading, and for getting an idea of the perspective of the period with which the book, whatever it may be, deals.

Nor can it be said that Mr. Paul has been particularly happy in his introduction—always a difficult problem in a book of this order. Should an overture of this nature afford a tableau of the state of England at the time? The standards set up by the great masters (Macaulay, Michelet) for work of this sort are so exigent as to create this almost a counsel of despair.* Spencer Walpole, moreover, has already done something of the kind, and done it admirably in his "History." Should the introduction then be a declaration of policy on the part of the author? Or a vivid bird's-eye view of personages and parties at the moment of ringing up the curtain? Distracted between these various opinions, ranging from Peel to Lord Acton, from the potato famine to the decay of duelling and the growth of submarine telegraphy, discoursing now of Carlyle and now of Bishop Thirlwall—at disproportionate space in the brief twenty pages allotted for the purpose, Mr. Paul, it must be confessed, has produced a somewhat patchy and perfunc-

* Had he attempted such a survey, he would have found much material ready to hand in a book now completely forgotten, though of considerable ability, and written by a skilled "Quarterly" hand—"England as it is" (in 1850), by William Johnston. Another book he would have found useful, though we doubt if he has seen it, is Disraeli's early, anonymous and very interesting little work on the fall of Louis Philippe.

Petty France, Westminster,

Milton's residence from 1651 till a few weeks before the Restoration.

"In 1651 he removed to a 'pretty garden-house' in Petty France, in Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, and opening into St. James's Park. The house was extant till 1877, when it disappeared, the last of Milton's many London residences. It had long ceased to look into St. James's Park, more than one row of houses, encroachments upon the public park, having grown up between. The garden-house had become a mere ordinary street house in York Street, only distinguished from the squalid houses on either side of it by a tablet affixed by Bentham, inscribed 'Sacred to Milton, prince of poets.'"—Mark Pattison's "Milton."

From the Painting by G. H. Boughton, R.A., now in the possession of Col. Fairfax Rhodes.

Milton's Meeting with Andrew Marvell.

Andrew Marvell, the Poet, was born at Winstead, near Hull, March 31st, 1621. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1638. In 1650 he was appointed tutor to Mary, only daughter of Fairfax, and, possibly through the latter's introduction, he became acquainted with Milton, then already blind and living in Petty France, Westminster. This was the commencement of a friendship which lasted until Milton's death. In 1651 Milton addressed Lord Bradshaw, in the hope of obtaining the post of Assistant Latin Secretary for Marvell, to which the latter was actually appointed four and a half years later. Marvell's discipleship to Milton remained perfect to the end. It was he who wrote the English commendatory verses prefixed to the second edition of "Paradise Lost":

"Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
The bird, named from that Paradise you sing,
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight."

(Reproduced, by courteous permission of the artist, from a photogravure published by Messrs. Hooper and Jackson.)

tory preface, which, whatever may have been its real *raison d'être*, gives the impression of having been constructed of debris accidentally crowded out of the text.

To Lord Acton's views about comprehensive scope of history, Mr. Paul is more a theoretical than a practical adherent, for a very large proportion of the history, as he relates it, is transacted in the purely political and parliamentary arena. He seldom escapes from the thrall of Hansard, the blue books, and strictly political chronology; when he does, however, especially in the literary chapters (there are four of these) he is quite excellent. Of the death of Macaulay he speaks with true eloquence and the feeling which every lover of history cherishes for so dear a head. Admirable, too, are his remarks upon the Brontës, George Eliot, and the diffusion of the dry light of the *Saturday Review*. Of Carlyle we think he speaks too much as a politician. It is only on the surface that such men as Carlyle and Ruskin are inconsistent. Morally and temperamentally they are two of the most consistent men that have ever lived. Mr. Paul's remarks about the P.R.B. appear to us to be a little hazy. He somewhat loosely calls Ruskin the prophet of the Brotherhood, in which he seems to include Burne Jones, William Morris, and Madox Brown. Of the latter he says most unaccountably "he was cut off before the promise of his youth could be fulfilled." Why, Madox Brown had fulfilled the promise of his youth before the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (which he sympathised with but never joined) was so much as dreamt of. He lived to be seventy-two, having painted some of the grandest pictures the 19th century produced, among them, two years before the P.R.B. was called into existence, that magnificent ideal portrait of Shakespeare (reproduced in the October BOOKMAN), which is of itself alone sufficient to establish the reputation of any artist for "achievement."

Two striking statements made at the opening of this momentous history of "'tis sixty years since," and no less striking than true, are that in 1842 the English proletariat had reached its lowest depth of misery (*cf.* Disraeli's "Sybil"), and that in 1846 England was undoubtedly the first power in the world (*Quantum mutatus!*). The general hope about the Colonies at that time was that "now Canada had been pacified we should hear no more about them."

The first volume of Mr. Paul's book is instructive with a vengeance. It exhibits, as nothing else we have ever seen has done, the marvellous aptitude of our imperial race for learning the lesson of empire, learning to think imperially. The characteristics of English diplomacy at the beginning of this period were a blustering and Pharisaic, but, above all, an interfering tone. As for our armaments, they were regularly from between two and two dozen years in the rear of our diplomacy, and about ten years at least behind the requirements of safety. The experts were systematically disregarded; the "Duke," who was worshipped almost as a divinity, was treated as an importunate old faddist when he pointed out the deficiencies of our defensive armour. It was not dreamt that it was conceivably part of the duty of an army to be ready to take the field at any moment, and when we despatched an army to fight Russia, we quite forgot that it might be necessary to contemplate a winter campaign! But why dwell on this? "Nous avons changé tout cela." Mr. Paul adopts for his own use, we observe, the ancient saying that opinions are stronger than armies. This is a good rhetorical ornament, and in dealing with a period as extensive as that covered by the twenty odd dynasties of Egypt it may be substantially true, but in dealing with a limited period such as that before us, and such a period of empire building and almost unexampled rapine on every hand, when the power of "ideas," without maxims, would not keep a single existing empire together for twenty-four hours, we submit that it needs a little judicious interpretation. We notice throughout, however, that Mr. Paul is only too prone to take the Quakerish and amiably Utopian and humane, though unfortunately anti-human, view of war which is generally supposed to dominate the counsels of the Radical Junto. We regret this, because it renders a distorted view of historical evolution almost inevitable, and leads the author to make such uncalled for and, we think, unfair reflections as that "the Peninsular War was much more profitable to the Spanish dynasty than to the Spanish nation."

This brings us to what we consider to be the two chief blots upon the fairness of an historian who is in the main both generous and just, and who, though he is at no pains to conceal his political predilections, is by no means pre-

From a Drawing by A. Garth Jones. **Il Penseroso.**

"Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar."

(Reproduced from "The Minor Poems of John Milton," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

From a Drawing by T. H. Robinson. **Hymn on Christ's Nativity.**

"The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row."

(Reproduced from "The Hymn on Christ's Nativity," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)

pared, as a general rule, to allow himself to be carried away by them. We refer to his estimate of the Crimean War and his treatment of the Emperor Napoleon III. The narrative describing the war, we hasten to add, seems to us all that could possibly be desired. It is difficult to be terse in dealing with events for which the chief authority is Kinglake, but Mr. Paul achieves it; he is, moreover, vivid, highly judicial, and above all, perhaps, clear. He is better than his word, too, for he deviates occasionally, to the great content of the reader, from the strict chronological principle—a good servant but a bad master—to which for the most part, and at some sacrifice, he rigidly adheres. What we object to is the impression he seems so anxious to convey, that the Crimean was an utterly unreasonable and pointless war, waged to satisfy the wounded ambition of Napoleon III. at not being addressed as "Brother" by the Czar, and fought wholly in vain. The particular unrest in the near East which was the immediate cause of the war, goes back a good deal farther than Mr. Paul seems to imagine; and as to its results it ought to be fairly clear at this distance that the war, for all its shortcomings, did in the main fulfil, not Napoleon's, but Palmerston's requirements. It did not permanently disable Russia from seaward expansion towards the south—the tendency was far too irresistible for that, but it did release the Danube mouth from its grip, it did exclude Russia for a great many years (it may be permanently) from the absolute control of Roumania (if the destruction of a small nation is the greatest of all crimes, as Mr. Paul would have us believe, here in brief is a complete justification of the war), and finally it did arrest the development of Russian naval activity in the Black Sea for a space of twenty years. Palmerston wanted to give the Turks a twenty years' respite, and he did it. He was ingenuous enough to suppose that the Porte would use the interval in works of reform and reorganisation. It was here that he made his mistake.

Because, in the nature of things it was impossible that the fetters imposed upon Russia should be eternal, it is absurd to infer that the Crimean war was wholly purposeless—as absurd as to affirm that the War of the Spanish Succession was of no purpose or value to England because at the treaty of Utrecht the specific point about which hostilities broke out was tacitly abandoned. It is an unfair reflection, too, upon our statesmen to represent them as being so completely the catspaws of Napoleon, of whose character and abilities Mr. Paul entertains the lowest possible opinion—an opinion far too low and too violently expressed, it seems to us, to be anything but prejudiced. The continual taunts and gibes flung at the Emperor of the French, such as that his gallantry was not of the military order, and that the Morgue was a fitter place for the Church of France to receive him in than the Cathedral of Notre Dame, seem to us to go rather beyond the bounds of historical decorum. Napoleon was more than once (his widow still is) the honoured guest-friend of our sovereigns. The victim of literary ideas and hallucinations, he was to a much greater extent a puppet of destiny than a tyrant; and he was never deliberately cruel, nor can we believe for an instant with Mr. Paul that he was responsible in a personal way for the street butcheries which occurred in Paris in December, 1851. The historian seems to have reserved his deep dyes for this one figure, for in most of his personal judgments he is as fair, and withal as humorous, as he is keen-sighted and independent. His characters of Disraeli, Melbourne, Aberdeen, and Prince Albert are enlightened, just and admirably concise. He seldom uses the formal character paragraph, of which Creighton, for instance, makes such effective use, but he manages to convey most inimitably, by sly touches here and there, the exquisite eccentricity of the meteoric Disraeli and the insupportable fussiness and consequentiality of Lord John Russell. His epigrams on Sir Charles Wood, Lord George Bentinck ("he at once resigned, and Lord Stanley, who knew too much about the turf to trust him, made no effort to retain his co-operation"), and Pio Nono ("in anything but a holy mood," "the name of God was much upon his lips, though not always in prayer") are perhaps a little severe. His epigrams are frequent without being flashy, and are often, it seems to us, emphatically good. "Failing, as bishops so often fail, to recognise the meaning of an establishment," or again, "the country is really governed by permanent members of the civil service, who work for both parties with equal loyalty,

and in some cases with equal contempt," both serve as introductions to a series of sound and judicious observations. Occasionally, it is true, he manages to give them a queer and somewhat ambiguous turn, as when he remarks that "when Baptists could go to Balliol, what Spurgeon called primitive Christianity was destined to become as obsolete as the more open worship of the devil." He succeeds in investing Church squabbles, which now seem inconceivably remote, with a genuine historical interest, and his impartial narrative of our early relations with China can hardly fail to excite in every fair mind a train of decidedly humiliating reflections.

Exceptional value attaches to the well-considered account of Lord Dalhousie's administration, which seems to have been studied with especial sympathy, and also to that of the somewhat complicated relations between England and the patriotic movement in Italy. Mr. Paul makes a somewhat sparing use of references and quotations, but where he does employ them it is always done with excellent effect. In speaking of the improved tone among medical students (he would have done better to speak of trained nurses) we notice that he makes a reference to "*Dick* Sawyer." Mr. Paul probably does Russia an injustice in ascribing to that country the annihilation of Hungary's national aspirations in April, 1849. Not only was the first and most critical part of the Hungarian revolt over when Russia intervened, but also by the victory of Novara in the previous month, Austria had a large army under Radetzky released from Lombardy for service, if necessary, to put down the insurrection. The historian glides somewhat slightly over the differences and distrusts between Palmerston and Gladstone, during the premiership of the great Pam, who is very cleverly indicated by sporadic touches. The second volume of this work (and for all our adjurations we frankly admit that we sincerely begrudge the time that must elapse before the appearance of volume three, so successful has Mr. Paul been in arousing our interest in his story) ends with a note of unmistakable contrast. "The Palmerstonian era was over. The Gladstonian era had begun." Palmerston died in October, 1865. Two months previously Mr. Gladstone had been (in his own words) unmuzzled. THOMAS SECCOMBE.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.*

If Robert Leighton is not sufficiently known and revered, the blame cannot be laid on his biographers, who have been singularly sympathetic and enthusiastic. The leading points of his life have been excellently told by Dr. Blair, of Dunblane, in the brief memoir which he prefixed to the Evangelical Classics series of selections from his writings. Mr. Butler, of the Tron Kirk, Edinburgh, has produced a much larger and more ambitious work, a goodly octavo of some six hundred pages. Personally, or by proxy, he has tried to exhaust all the likely sources of fresh information, and his research has not been fruitless. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that he has not been able to supplement the previous well-known facts, by discovering the name of Leighton's mother or the place of his birth.

The fresh material includes all the references to Leighton in the records of the town council of Edinburgh during the period of his principalship in the university of that city; extracts from the records of the town council of Glasgow, showing how he exercised his prerogative in the election of the provost and magistrates of that burgh while he was archbishop; and the references to him in the records of the presbytery of Glasgow. Mr. Butler is in error in supposing that the deed of mortification, dated 1st August, 1677, which he gives in his appendix, is now printed for the first time. It will be found in a volume, issued in 1850, bearing the title: "Deeds instituting Bursaries, Scholarships, and other Foundations in the College and University of Glasgow." The extracts from the records of the presbytery of Dunblane are interesting, and reveal the part which the bishop took in an ordination service. All these extracts add distinctly to the value of the book. The same can hardly be said regarding the twenty pages taken from the books of the presbytery of Dalkeith, seeing that that matter is easy of access in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland." It may be noted that Mr. Butler has inadvertently omitted a portion, and so com-

* "The Life and Letters of Robert Leighton, Restoration Bishop of Dunblane and Archbishop of Glasgow." By the Rev. D. Butler, M.A. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

From a Drawing by R. Anning Bell. **Lycidas.**

"Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song."

(Reproduced from the Carillon Series Edition of "Lycidas and Other Odes," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

From a Drawing by Gertrude Brodie. **Lycidas.**

"Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheephook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them?"

(Reproduced from "Lycidas," by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

bined and confused the minutes of 2nd and 9th December, 1641. Nor was there much need for transferring eight-and-twenty pages of extracts from Dr. Wilson's well-known "Register of the Diocesan Synod of Dunblane." The more important portions of these could easily have been summarised. Condensation, however, is not one of Mr. Butler's outstanding virtues. One finds, indeed, the same ideas repeated in the same words in different parts of his book; and apt quotations from other writers are repeated in the same way. Some readers may also object to the illustrative disquisitions embodied in the text. The one on Jansenism occupies sixteen pages.

In Mr. Butler's estimation, Leighton was a veritable saint, not only in his more mature years, but all through his life. The leading traits of his character—his humility, his unselfishness, his devotedness, and his piety—are lovingly and impressively depicted. There were some features in his character, however, which the ordinary layman is not accustomed to consider as altogether saintly. By a very solemn oath he had abjured prelacy, and yet he became a bishop and an archbishop. Mr. Butler's apology for him on this score is neither convincing nor satisfactory. And, apart altogether from his having sworn the Solemn League and Covenant, one is ready to suspect that he must have been deficient in filial regard, in accepting a bishopric after his worthy father had been subjected to horrible punishment for opposing prelacy. If his inconsistency was due to simple-mindedness and a lack of the logical faculty, it seems, on the other hand, that he was not entirely destitute of policy. There was apparently an element of cunning, as well as a desire for peace, behind his attempts to arrange an accommodation with the oppressed Covenanters. They were astute enough to understand the device and to reject it.

From the Painting by John Faed, R.S.A. **Milton in his Study.**

"He began the day by having a chapter or two of the Hebrew Bible read to him by his 'man,' as Aubrey calls him, *i.e.*, we are to suppose, by whatever scholar he had in attendance upon him, for love or money, as his servant in such matters. Breakfast downstairs, and then 'contemplation' by himself in his upper room or study, carried him on to about seven o'clock, when his 'man' came to him again for the solid work of the day in the upstairs room. That consisted of reading and dictation till the mid-day dinner, the man then changing from reader to amanuensis by direction, and the writing generally being 'as much as the reading,' says Aubrey."—Masson's "Life of Milton."

Rischgitz Collection.

From a Drawing by E. J. Sullivan. **John Milton.**

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: . . . . .
Thy Soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

—Wordsworth's Sonnet.

(Reproduced from "The Poems of John Milton," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

Archbishop Ussher, in Mr. Butler's opinion, was driven by the Solemn League and Covenant from the Westminster Assembly. He has not, however, furnished any proof to show that Ussher ever took his seat in, or attended any of the meetings of, that assembly. A paragraph borrowed from Sir Alexander Grant relates to Leighton's mission to London, which led to Cromwell's order, that £200 should be paid yearly to the College of Edinburgh. It may be noted that, from the "Proceedings of the Council of State at Whitehall," it appears that this provision was to be derived "out of the landes formerly belonging to the chappelryes and deanryes in Scotland." Over and above the £150 which Leighton mortified in his lifetime for behoof of Glasgow University, he instructed his sister Saphira, and her son, to pay another sum of the same amount from his estate for founding another bursary in that university. They accordingly paid over the money in 1685. Mr. Butler does not refer to this second bursary, nor to Archbishop Burnet's contention that Leighton was never in reality Archbishop of Glasgow.

Some of the rarer books to which Mr. Butler refers were published anonymously, and it is not surprising, therefore, that his statements concerning their authorship are not always accurate. "Naphtali," he says, was written by "Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Stewart, jun., of Coltness and Goodtrees, who became Lord Advocate of Scotland after the Revolution, and Mr. John Stirling, minister of Paisley." But "Naphtali" proper was written by James (not John) Stirling, and the lengthy preface was by Stewart. Mr. Butler's designation of the latter is rather confusing. He was a younger son of Sir James Stewart, of Kirkfield and Coltness, and did not acquire Coltness and Goodtrees until long after his appointment as Lord Advocate. Again he says, "In 1668 appeared a *Survey of Naphtali* by the Bishop of Ross, which brought forth, in 1669, *Jus Populi Vindicatum* from the authors of *Naphtali*." The "Survey" was written not by the Bishop of Ross, but

by the Bishop of Orkney, and only the first part of it appeared in 1668. "Jus Populi" was written by Stewart. "The Reformed Bishop" was written, as Mr. Butler says, by James Gordon, parson of Banchory, and it was "published in 1680"; but there was also an edition in 1679, and hence Bishop Paterson was able to denounce it in the letter to which Mr. Butler refers, which is dated 1st of January, 1680. It is a little misleading to say that, in it, "the old bishops were blamed as frequently 'ambitious, avaritious, and luxurious persons.'" The bishops whom Gordon so blamed were the bishops of his own day. In one of the quotations from it, "conscience" becomes "convenience." This, of course, is a misprint. There is no intention of favouring the idea that the words are synonyms. By another misprint the author of the "History of the High School of Edinburgh" is given as Stevenson instead of Steven. And on another page, "The Act Rescissory" becomes "the Revisory Act."

Mr. Butler well deserves the gratitude of Leighton's admirers for collecting and here reprinting his letters, and for this painstaking, elaborate, and suggestive study of the man and his motives. D. HAY FLEMING.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

Yet another memoir has been added to the numerous records of Edward FitzGerald which have appeared of late years, but of which the public does not seem to tire. Previous works have been more in the form of sketches or collections of letters, but Mr. Thomas Wright, author of the Life of William Cowper, has produced two volumes which give very ample details of all the days of FitzGerald, from his birth in 1809 to his death in 1883. In a life, during which, in the poet's own opinion, much time was frittered away, so long a recital must necessarily include details which may appear trivial; but the book is pleasantly written, and the prattlings from FitzGerald's letters and manuscripts are agreeable reading. There is perhaps a little unnecessary harping upon the eccentricities of Edward FitzGerald and his elder brother John, which are repeatedly brought before the reader; and while full sympathy is due to the feelings which have prompted Mr. Wright and others to enter into the details of FitzGerald's marriage, in order to defend him from the unfair views which some have taken of his behaviour to his wife, it may now be hoped that sufficient information has been given, and that no more need be heard of that unromantic and uninteresting event.

The new material which is contained in Mr. Wright's work is chiefly derived from a large number of hitherto unpublished letters, many of which were written either to Mrs. Kenworthy Browne, the wife of a very dear friend, of whom comparatively little notice has been taken in previous memoirs, or to a favourite Lowestoft fisherman, who was the poet's frequent companion on sea and on land, during one period of his life. The author has also spared no pains to obtain characteristic anecdotes from personal friends and neighbours, whom he has visited and interviewed for the purpose.

No part of FitzGerald's lifetime has escaped attention. We are given a full and interesting description of his early home at the White House, Bredfield; of his handsome and fashionable mother, from whom he derived the name of FitzGerald, his father's original name being Purcell; of his father's sporting friend and neighbour, Squire Jenney; of his political friend, Mr. Shawe, of Kesgrave, remarkable as having been the only Liberal member who sat for Suffolk between the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1885; and his antiquarian friend, Major Moor, still well remembered in the county, with whose little niece, Mary Lynn, Edward FitzGerald, as a small boy, played on the shingle of Aldeburgh beach, though it may be doubted whether, as Mr. Wright suggests, the two paddled in the sea, since in those remote days that amusement was looked upon as plebeian, and was strictly forbidden to the children of well-to-do parents. There is a touching account of his meeting his old playmate again, still unmarried, in 1882.

From the Painting by Frederick Newenham. **Cromwell and Milton.**

Cromwell dictating the letter to the Duke of Savoy demanding religious liberty for the Protestants of Piedmont, 1655.

"When being more and more taken notice of for his excellency of stile and depth of judgment, he was courted into the service of this new Commonwealth, and at last prevail'd with (for he never hunted after preferment, nor affected the tintamar and hurry of publick business) to take upon him the office of Latin secretary to the Counsel of State, for all their letters to foreign princes and states: for they stuck to this noble and generous resolution, not to write to any, or receive answers from them, but in a language most proper to maintain a correspondence among the learned of all nations in this part of the world; scorning to carry on their affairs in the wheedling, lisping jargon of the cring'ng French, especially having a minister of state able to cope with the ablest any prince or state could imploy, for the Latin tongue. And so well he acquitted himself in this station, that he gain'd from abroad both reputation to himself and credit to the state that employed him."—"The Life of John Milton," by Edward Philips, 1694.

The author next takes his hero to school at Bury, and to college at Cambridge; and among the most interesting passages of the book are the reminiscences of his acquaintance with Thackeray, which began at the University in 1829, and lasted through life. FitzGerald's poem in the "Keepsake" of 1834, "The Old Beau," seems to show the influence of Thackeray on his friend. It is pleasant also to notice the special mention of William Bodham Donne, whose friendship with FitzGerald began at Bury school, and whose fine character and great abilities were too little known to the world. There is a short sketch of his life in the National Dictionary of Biography, but his qualities are best described in the words of Dr. Thompson, "One of the finest gentlemen I know, and no ordinary scholar; remarkable also for fidelity to his friends."

Soon after the close of FitzGerald's university career, his family settled at Boulge Hall, and Mr. Wright is justified

* "The Life of Edward FitzGerald." By Thomas Wright. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Grant Richards.)

From a Portrait by Dobson. **John Milton.**

"I have been indebted to the kindness of the late John Charnock, jun., Esq., of Greenwich, for an excellent original painting, affirmed by some to have been a portrait of Milton, by Dobson, but conjectured by others to have been a performance of Riley, who lived rather too late to delineate Milton. Some have supposed it may be a head of his brother Christopher. It is, however, remarkable, that Mr. Greenslade, a collector of paintings, who resides in Bond Street, London, has a copy of this very painting, which has been called a portrait of the poet."—J. H. Todd's "Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton."

in his description of the wild flowers in spring, although, from an agricultural point of view, the cowslip, which he so much admires, is a sure sign of bad farming. And here we

From the Cooper Miniature. **John Milton,**

This portrait was bought for one hundred guineas in 1784 by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from a picture dealer named Hunt, and was said to have been painted by Samuel Cooper, at the time when Milton was Latin Secretary to the Protector. It had belonged to Deborah Milton, and was marked "S. C., 1653." Doubt was thrown upon its authenticity, which, however, was stoutly defended by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who declared that "the picture was admirably painted, and with such a character of nature that he was perfectly sure it was a striking likeness; he had now a distinct idea of the countenance of Milton, which could not be got from any of the other pictures which he had seen."

are told, for the first time, of FitzGerald's love for Caroline, the eldest daughter of the second George Crabbe. Fifty years later he left a legacy of £1,000 to his early love.

About the year 1846, FitzGerald made the acquaintance of Cowell, who, as the author says, "unlocked the treasure house of Persian literature, and showed him the way to immortality." At this time, FitzGerald, whose headquarters were at the cottage in Boulge Park, took great interest in the village children, and helped both in the school at Debach and that at Bredfield. It is sad to hear that he tried, fortunately without success, to induce them to abandon their good old Suffolk (and correct) dialect, and to pronounce the names of the parishes Debach and Boulge as spelt, and not in the accepted way, Debbidge and Bow-widge. In later life he seems to have repented, as the second volume relates that, "a lover of old Suffolk words, he occasionally expressed his terror lest the modern schoolmaster should drub them out of the language."

In 1851 "Euphranor" was published, in which FitzGerald introduced his friend and ideal hero, W. Kenworthy Browne; and about the same time began the troubles with his eyes, which continued for the rest of his life. The biographer gives an amusing account of the different boys, who officiated as readers, and the nicknames which they bore, although he is guilty of an anachronism when he suggests that Alfred Smith, now so well known as an agriculturist, and as a member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, could have worn knickerbockers in 1851. But in spite of his defective eyesight, FitzGerald continued his Persian studies, and in 1856 he published anonymously a translation of Jami's beautiful allegory, "Salaman and Absal"; and special attention should be paid to the chapters relating to Persian literature, and to the short but interesting allusions to the Sufi poets. Mr. Wright tells very well the story both of Jami's "Salaman," and of Attar's "Mantik-ut-Tair, or Bird Parliament."

Although it is through the Quatrains of Omar Khayyám that FitzGerald is best known, some of his best work is found in his translations of Calderon's plays. Their merits were acknowledged shortly before his death by the presentation, through the Spanish ambassador, of the Calderon Medal. Nor should his translations from the two great Greek dramatists, Æschylus and Sophocles, be forgotten, although they do not equal in beauty his renderings from the Spanish and Persian authors.

The memoir contains many delightful traits of our hero. It brings out conspicuously his kindness (sometimes under a rough manner), his benevolence and wonderful generosity, his thoughtfulness for the aged, his horror of cruelty to animals. His great heart went forth to all in trouble and distress, to all the weak and helpless. The sensible taste that governed his excellent library is thus described: "He cared nothing for first editions, unless they were presentation copies from friends; was not particular about bindings, and preferred volumes that could be held in the hand to an octavo or folio." Late in life he gave away to friends all that he had "of any rarity or value, especially if over octavo."

The history of the latter years of his life is a very sad one. The death of his two brothers, John and Peter; of his favourite sister, Mrs. Kerrich; of his friends Spedding and Donne, and regret for his ill-judged marriage combined to darken his last days. In 1876 he received a visit from Tennyson, and Mr. Wright records an amusing anecdote of John Grout, of the Bull at Woodbridge, a well-known horse breeder, who expressed his surprise that so important a post as the Laureateship should have fallen to a man who knew so little about "hosses." The inhabitants of Woodbridge and its neighbourhood entertained the most exaggerated respect and admiration for the works of their Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, almost unknown elsewhere; but they look with contempt upon all other versifiers, and I remember my old gardener at Grundisburgh, on being told that Sir Lewis Morris was a poet, exclaiming with astonishment, "Well, I thought he would have been something better than that; such a fine looking gentleman too."

It would not be right to conclude without thanking the biographer for the excellent illustrations, which accompany his text. The portrait of the poet's mother is that of a wonderfully handsome woman; the sketches of Squire Jenney on horseback, and the silhouettes of Major Moor (father-in-law of Lord Chancellor Hatherley) and of the Rev.

T. R. Matthews of Bedford, are curious reminiscences of the past; and there is a reproduction of a singular photograph (or, as it was then called, calotype) of Carlyle in 1855. Mr. Wright has been careful to procure photographs of every place which is in any way connected with FitzGerald's life, as well as of some of his intimate friends. These illustrations greatly add to the interest of the work; and while it cannot be denied that the narrative has been somewhat spun out, and that a few passages might with advantage have been curtailed, the memoir may be recommended as a very readable book. W. BRAMPTON GURDON.

A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

Eight years have elapsed since the first volume of this book was published, but when one tries to appreciate the herculean labour of which this second volume is the fruit, the wonder is that its preparation did not take a much longer time, for it contains within its 800 pages the results of a study which embraces the entire range of the scientific literature of the nineteenth century. Some men, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's acquaintance, have acquired a reputation for omniscience by reading through an encyclopædia, but the research whose results are given here must have required the patient examination of the advanced text-books, and the original monographs on the sciences which are here reviewed; and yet withal the survey is luminously clear and admirable in its judicial and philosophical treatment of the prodigious mass of matter which it discusses. This work does not profess to be a history of science or of philosophy, it is a study of the progress of the thought by which the advances of knowledge have been produced. Thought is here treated as the machinery and scaffolding by which man erects for himself the fabric of science, of art, of social and intellectual advance, and of religion. In the first volume the author pointed out that such a history can be accurately written only by the contemporary historian, who can trace the setting up of the scaffolding and the working of the machinery while as yet these are in view or in memory; for in the end the scaffolding is removed, and what remains to the recorder of the next generation is the resulting edifice.

The word *thought* has a double meaning, signifying on the one hand the activity of the thinker, and on the other the content thought. Here it is in the latter sense, of thought as the operative idea, by whose active efficacy, power of self-concentration and impulse to development the progress of science has been brought about that the word is used. A history of the results of the thought would have been much easier to write, as these are objective and conspicuous; but to define and set forth the progress of the thought at the back of these results requires an insight and a judgment possessed by few. While in doing this it is obviously impossible to avoid some consideration of the results, Dr. Merz has, with a singular felicity, kept steadily in his view the special object of his analysis, and it is the highest praise that can be given, to say that he has succeeded in this difficult task.

In these days of specialism few have either the ability or the knowledge to write intelligently and appreciatively of work done in lines other than those correlated with the field of the work of the specialist himself, but the author has shown that he is one of the few, who, like the late Robertson Smith, possess this capacity in a pre-eminent degree.

It is obviously impossible in the space at our disposal to review in detail a work of such encyclopædic range, one can only sketch in broad outline the plan of arrangement and attempt to appraise the adequacy of the method of treatment. In the first volume the lines of thought mapped out were those of the Astronomical view of Nature, by which was meant the later developments of the Newtonian theory, and the Atomic view, or the sphere of thought which had its centre in the work of Dalton. In this volume the views of Nature discussed are those respectively designated Kinetic, Physical, Morphological, Genetic, Vitalistic, Psychophysical, and Statistical. To these is added a chapter on the development of mathematical thought within the century. This arrangement is an evidence of an acute and logical taxonomic skill, for it is based on the interdependence of

* "A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century." By John Theodore Merz. Vol. II. 15s. net. (Blackwood and Sons.)

From a Crayon Drawing by Jonathan Richardson, Senr. **John Mitton.**

"His Deportment was manly and resolute, but with a gentlemanly affability. In his habit plain, clean and neat. His voice was musically agreeable. When young he was esteem'd handsom, chiefly, I believe, because he had a fine skin, and a fresh complexion. His hair was a light brown, which he wore parted atop, and somwhat flat, long and waving, a little curl'd. . . . The colour of his eyes inclin'd to blue, not deep; and though sightless, they were, as he says himself, clear to outward view of blemish or of spot."—Richardson's Introduction to Milton's "Paradise Lost."

From the Hollis Bust at Christ's College, Cambridge. **John Milton.**

"Mr. Hollis, in a paper dated July 30, 1757, says, 'For an original model in clay of the head of Milton, £9 12s., which I intended to have purchased myself, had it not been knocked down to Mr. Reynolds by a mistake of Mr. Ford, the auctioneer. Note, about two years before Mr. Vertue died, he told me, that he had been possessed of this head many years; and that he believed it was done by one Pierce, a sculptor of good reputation in those times, the same who made the bust in marble of Sir Christopher Wren, which is in the Bodleian Library. My own opinion is, that it was modelled by Abraham Simon; and that afterwards a seal was engraved after it, in profile, by his brother, Thomas Simon, a proof impression of which is now in the hands of Mr. Yeo, engraver, in Covent Garden.'"—Memoirs of Thomas Hollis.

From a Drawing by Gustave Doré. **Paradise Lost.**

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

(Reproduced from "Paradise Lost," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

these various and, in a sense, successive departments. In the text the general sequence of thought is traced, and each special point is illustrated and expanded in voluminous footnotes containing appropriate bibliographical references.

According to the author the Kinetic or Mechanical view of Nature started from the work of Young and Fresnel on the undulatory theory of light, and the development of the theory of the luminiferous ether. This method of considering the transmission of the luminous waves altered in a material degree the astronomical view by substituting the hypothesis of a continuous medium for the older view of the vacuity of space, thereby discrediting the belief in the action of particles of matter on each other at a distance through a void. The Physical view had its origin in the recognition of the limitations of the three previous modes of regarding the phenomena of the universe, and is practically an effort after a more comprehensive and all-embracing term of unification, by the development of the concept of energy, "the only real thing in the so-called outer-world." In this section prominence is given to the work of Mayer and Joule, Helmholz and Kelvin, and to the later researches of Professor J. J. Thomson, which have served to bring into line and order the remarkable phenomena that have led up to the conception of the substantial nature of electricity. Dr. Merz also refers to the masterly treatment, by Professor Larmor, of the influence of the inter-active relations of the types of permanent motion in the plenum of the all-pervading ether. As these later developments of the theory of energy render necessary a reconsideration of the scope and validity of fundamental conceptions, they lead directly from the domain of scientific to that of philosophical thought, a subject which the author proposes to treat in a subsequent volume. He therefore at this point leaves the domain of the abstract sciences and turns to those which may be called descriptive.

The Morphological view of Nature is the line of thought which tends to the unification of our conception as to the construction of the forms in nature. There is a morphology of inorganic materials, one of whose departments is the science of crystallography, another that of petrology, which treats of the paragenesis of minerals, and yet a third, that of stratigraphical geology, but the term is usually restricted to the study of the forms of living organisms. The researches on which these conceptions are based have taken two main directions; on the one hand the student has learned to analyse the organic complex into its simplest elements, and to recognise the existence of an ultimate organic unit, the cell; on the other hand, his researches have taken account of the complex organism itself, which, though built of these elements, is yet in itself a unity possessing a definite individuality of a different order from that which would naturally result from the summation of the life processes of the constituent cells. Of such individuals Nature presents to us myriads of examples in the plants and animals which inhabit the world. The study of these for purposes of classification led to the discovery that in the diversity of these certain typical forms can be recognised as natural centres around which all forms can be grouped. As these types were at first supposed to be permanent and separately created their mutual relationships were regarded from a transcendental standpoint as the realisation of a series of archetypes. The introduction of improved methods of research, by giving exactness to the study of embryology, led to the replacement of these crude and fantastic notions by the hypothesis of the derivative relationships of the several types, and opened up what the author happily calls the Genetic view of Nature. The earlier evolutionary theories were as artificial as the archetypal view, but in the hands of von Baer and Lamarck these became modified by the fundamental idea of variation, and the hereditary transmission of acquired characters. The researches of Darwin brought into prominence the influence of natural and sexual selection in securing the survival of the fittest and the struggle for life. Later observations have led to the rejection of the doctrine of the heredity of individually acquired characters, and at present the currently accepted theories have been shaped by the neo-Darwinians of the school of Weismann. It is not to be inferred that the genetic view of nature has superseded the morphological, but it has served to give an intelligible account of the antecedent conditions which have their outcome in the differentiation of the several types, and has widened the scope of morphology by showing that it includes process as well as results. The evolution theory has in a remarkable degree stimulated biological research over the whole field of nature, and has brought into line all the observed facts, yet it has failed to reveal to us the true nature of the processes whereby evolution has taken place; we are as ignorant as ever of the causation of variation and of heredity, and can give no answer to the question, What is Life?

The attempts to give an answer to this question are treated by Dr. Merz under the heading of the Vitalistic view of Nature. Within the century the pendulum of opinion has swung from the earlier notion of a specific vital force to the purely mechanical and chemical hypotheses of Büchner, Vogt, and others, who regard life simply as a mode of energy. But the inadequacy of this view has been pointed out by those philosophical thinkers such as Lotze, who, while conceding that the processes of life are so far reducible to manifestations of energy correlated with those of a purely physical nature, leaving no room for an unintelligent vitalism, yet recognise that the two great facts of purpose and will cannot be ignored, and are sufficient to show that a wider standpoint is necessary for the full understanding of the phenomena of living beings, one which realises the unity of the complex organism as the bearer of the phenomena of a higher or inner life. To this view Merz gives the name psychophysical. The facts of this view can only be ascertained by appealing to the results of introspection or self-consciousness, by approaching the phenomena of Mind from the side of Nature, the borderland where physical and

psychical phenomena meet and interact. Here alone can be studied that which Lotze has characterised as the physiology of the soul as an exposition of the physical and mechanical conditions to which the life of the soul is attached. One of the most important branches of this study is that of sense perception, and this line of investigation is being at present vigorously prosecuted, especially in Germany. The modern developments of this branch of enquiry are chiefly due to the researches of Fechner and Wundt.

As yet this view of nature, which takes account of that "centred unity which is something else than the sum of parts in a mathematical whole," is in its infancy as a branch of inductive science, and for its development it is necessary that a larger number of accurately ascertained observations shall be collected, classified, and tabulated than are at present available. To this work many active students have set their hand, and thereby there is being developed another view of nature, the statistical. In his treatment of this section Dr. Merz has shown that the increasing application of biometric methods has tended to more scientific and accurate thinking in biology, but, at the same time, those who use the results of observers must always keep in mind that the method is surrounded by many pitfalls, and the recent literature of the subject shows that the "statistical myth" has been in many cases used with extreme overhastiness as a method whereby to treat data which are untrustworthy or incommensurable. What is wanted here is exacter investigations, conducted with full knowledge of the sources of error.

The last chapter of the special survey of progress, and perhaps the most interesting in the volume, is taken up with a review of the mathematical thought within the century. This is followed by a short final retrospect and prospect, in which are set forth the two great features which characterise the advance of thought, the idea of order, and that of unity, an order which has within this century met with a comprehensive mathematical treatment, and a unity in its most impressive form of a unifying principle or individuality.

There is yet to be a third volume of this work, that on the philosophic thought of the nineteenth century. Those who have followed Dr. Merz through this and the preceding volume will certainly look forward to its completion with the expectation of a future intellectual feast.

The work is well printed, and has an excellent index, and the author is to be congratulated on having so well accomplished the first part of his most arduous task.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

From a Drawing by Gustave Doré. **Paradise Lost.**

"Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

(Reproduced from "Paradise Lost," by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.*

The proverbially difficult task of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear has been outdone by Mr. Canton's feat of producing a fascinating story out of bundles of dust-covered documents and folios of dreary statistics. The name of William Canton on the title-page gave to the prospective reader assurance of deftness and lightness of touch, of the magic by which the most commonplace incidents can be transformed into literature; but even from his pen so pronounced a success was scarcely to be looked for. The Bible Society has indeed not been without its surprises in the past. Many persons who know nothing else about it are aware that Borrow found its colporteur's pack a very magazine of romance. But Mr. Canton's volumes disclose the fact that through all its history the distribution of the Bible in foreign lands has been facilitated by surprises, accidents, and marvellous revelations of human nature. In the history now published to celebrate the centenary of the Society the author gives us a minute account of its progress during the first half century of its existence. He has laid under contribution a multitude of sources, the newspapers of the time, private letters and public histories, memoirs of individuals, speeches in Parliament, and especially the transactions of the Society itself. This overwhelming mass of material he has woven with consummate dexterity into a narrative of enthralling interest. Some idea of the wide circumference touched by associations with the central theme may be formed when it is recognised that his subject brings the author into contact with such incidents as Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, the fight between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake," the assassination of Mr. Perceval and the dreams that warned Mr. Williams of that event, the conversations of the Czar Alexander with Madame de Krudener, and many others. And while such passages undoubtedly lend additional charm to the history, its inherent and permanent interest consists in the wonderful growth of this great and beneficent society. Founded in a year when the Three per cents. fell to 54½, when the quartern loaf cost one shilling and fourpence halfpenny, and when 340,000 volunteers were under arms and the whole nation excited by the thought of possible invasion, it yet at once took root and gathered round itself many of the foremost men in the country. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer (afterwards Lord Bexley) said, in looking back to its formation, it appeared to be "one of the most remarkable designs of Providence that the thunder of universal war should have been the harbinger of the still small voice of the Gospel of peace." Its success was largely due to the determination and character of the founders. On the first Committee are found such names as Thomas Babington, Zachary Macaulay, Granville Sharpe, and William Wilberforce. During the first half century of its existence the Society distributed nearly twenty-eight million copies of the Bible at a cost of over four million sterling. These figures have been far surpassed during the unrecorded fifty years which are now closing. Last year alone the number of copies issued numbered nearly six millions in over four hundred languages. For it must be borne in mind that the Society has not only distributed the English Bible, but has given a great impulse to the translation of the Scriptures

* "A History of the British and Foreign Bible Society." By William Canton. With Portraits and Illustrations. Two Volumes. 30s. net. (John Murray.)

From the Whit.-Vertue Portrait, or Vertue (1725). **John Milton.**

"No other person in his day was so well acquainted with the features of Milton, so largely employed in reproducing the known portraits of him, or more scrupulously faithful in doing so. When engaged on his series of 'Twelve Heads of the Poets,' it may well be supposed to have been a reasonable ambition of Vertue to produce, from a careful comparison of the various authentic portraits, a print which, without being a servile copy of any of them, should embody his own ideal of the features of the Poet."—J. F. Marsh "On the Engraved Portraits of Milton."

into all known languages. Some of the difficulties of translation are touched upon by Mr. Canton; the well-known and still unsettled dispute regarding the Chinese word which may prove the least misleading equivalent for "God"; and the frequently expressed desire of Baptists to have "immersion" substituted for "baptism." It is also to the credit of the Society that it has given birth to a numerous offspring which enthusiastically follow the lead of the parent society in its world-wide work. The Society may be congratulated on this noble record of a noble work, and on the ample fulfilment of that prospect and work of which fifty years ago it became vividly conscious, and which are alluded to in Mr. Canton's closing sentences: "As Balboa in Darien, when he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless expanse below him, fell on his knees, and, lifting his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God, so the Society, contemplating the amplitude of its undertaking—'to make the Book known among the nations, to publish it to the ends of the earth, to give it to all people in their several languages and dialects and tongues'—bowed down 'beneath a sense of gratitude and of overwhelming responsibility.'" MARCUS DODS.

ELIZABETH IN RÜGEN.*

Elizabeth has left her garden, her babies, and her Man of Wrath for a few days. Accompanied by her maid Gertrud she has set out in her own carriage to drive round the island of Rügen: and you are sure when you have read her Adventures that no one ever did anything quite so amusing and delightful before. That is Elizabeth's secret. She talks sometimes of life's dry, dusty days, but she persuades you that the greyest day and the most crossgrained circumstances would turn golden and pleasant in her company. If she has an egg for supper she can make that egg more entertaining than some writers can make a pirate: and her descriptions of the seas and forests and flowers and brown sails of Rügen rejoice the reader as vividly as memories. The book is all sunshine and laughter: the little misadventures of travel and its abounding compensations. It gives some solid information, too, about roads and pathways and hotels: tells you which places are crowded and which quiet: where you may be in the shade of forests or sun-baked and sea-blown on a flowery plain. She begins her wanderings with an adventure that would have put most people out of humour. Her maid and she jump from the carriage to avoid a motor car, and her coachman August never misses them, but drives on for miles. They have to trudge through the dust, hot and tired and hungry, and finally jolt into Putbus in a cart. "Poor August had had the worst of it," says Elizabeth when her remorseful coachman finds her again. At Lauterbach she had a bad supper in "the loveliest nook in the world." Next day she hires "a fishing smack with golden sails and a fisherman with a golden beard," and sails to the islet of Vilm. "If you love out-of-door beauty, wide stretches of sea and sky, mighty beeches, dense bracken, meadows radiant with flowers, chalky levels purple with gentians, solitude, and economy, go and spend a summer at Vilm." She goes on to Göhren and finds it crowded. In the hotel restaurant "all the children of Germany" are "putting knives into their artless mouths," and "devouring their soup with a passionate enthusiasm." The only bedroom she can have here has eight beds in it, and one small iron washstand containing a basin and a water-bottle. She can only have this one night because next day eight people are coming to occupy the beds and share the washstand for six weeks. This will surprise English readers until they get further on in the book and come to the eminent Professor who travels with his night attire under his clothes and a spare pair of socks in his pocket.

When Elizabeth leaves Göhren she goes to Thiessow, and there the thing she dreads befalls her. She meets someone she knows. Her silent maid and her coachman have not disturbed her. For three days she has journeyed in the peace and solitude her soul desires. But from the bathing hut at Thiessow she slips from a wet plank into the very arms of her cousin Charlotte, the young wife of the celebrated Professor Nieberlein. Charlotte is strenuous and emancipated. She has not seen her husband for a year, she talks like her pamphlets, which are all about the wrongs of women, and she asks Elizabeth "what she has done with her life." Elizabeth mentions "a row of babies," and Charlotte observes that "a cat achieves exactly the same thing." But next day she thrusts her company on Elizabeth, and when the ladies get to Binz they meet the Harvey-Brownes. Mrs. Harvey-Browne is an English clergywoman, the wife of a bishop, and she pursues Charlotte for the sake of the celebrated Professor. The Harvey-Brownes are for ever talking about the Professor. They spent a whole winter in Bonn hunting him. But Mrs. Harvey-Browne avoids all contact with obscurer foreigners, and when an old man in a waterproof and a green felt hat takes a seat at her table she sends him off. Of course, he turns out to be the Professor, and of course he is as amusing and likelike as every one else in this delightful book. He puts one arm round Elizabeth, and one arm round his wife, and makes love to both. He comes near making love to Mrs. Harvey-Browne's maid, whom he takes for her daughter. All he asks of women is that they should be "little and round and soft," and he absolutely refuses to take any woman seriously. Perhaps it is not surprising that his wife was dissatisfied. But Elizabeth seems to like the little old rosy Professor, and with her usual insight she wishes her cousin could laugh at her husband instead of taking him seriously. The rest of Elizabeth's adventures turn on her efforts to bring the husband and wife together. She does not get rid of them, or of the Harvey-Brownes, until the eleventh day, when she has to return home. She was happiest at Lauterbach and Wiek, and most wretched at Göhren. But she makes her readers happy from the beginning to the end.

CECILY SIDGWICK.

* "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen." By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." 6s. (Macmillan.)

MR. HENRY HARLAND'S NEW NOVEL.*

Whatever ground there may be to complain of the "growing distaste of the many for the higher kinds of poetry," we gladly take the continuing vogue of Mr. Henry Harland as a sign that the erring multitude are, at all events, developing a nicer palate for fiction, and a capacity for appreciating the better sort of it. For Mr. Harland does not offer them any highly spiced sensations; he does not deal in shrieking murders or horribly muffled mysteries, or palpitating sex problems, or any of the score of raw delights for which the many are believed to have an insatiable craving. With no ingenuity of plot or picturesque violence of incident, with no other magic, indeed, than an airy deftness of characterisation and a delicate charm of style Mr. Harland makes his appeal to the public, and the fact that "The Cardinal's Snuff-box" is already in its hundred and fifth thousand is a circumstance that is scarcely less creditable to the much-maligned many than to the author himself.

Mr. Harland is not unlike those painters whose genius expresses itself more in a miraculous perfection of colouring than in any originality of subject or greatness of design. No colourless engraving of such a picture can adequately represent it, and it is equally impossible to do justice to the story of "My Friend Prospero" in a bald outline from which the author's charm of manner is necessarily omitted. It is slight almost to attenuation, this story, but so cunningly is it told that its slightness does not appear to you until you look back and think of it after you have finished. It tells of nothing but an idle Englishman, John Blanchemain, heir to a peerage, who is lodging with a priest at the presbytery attached to an old Italian castle, where, for a small consideration, he has "the run of the house and garden, the freedom of the hills and valleys." The castle itself is, for the time, unoccupied, but presently, to stay also within the castle garden, "in the pavilion beyond the clock-tower," come a beautiful young girl and her elderly companion, and so, with the coming of Maria Dolores, romance comes into the life of John Blanchemain. There are misunderstandings; each thinks the other is lowly born; he assumes that she is a sort of "miller's daughter," and she takes him for a kind of "cobbler's son." When it transpires that he is a prospective English peer and she an Austrian princess, sister of the castle's owner, her wealth and his poverty are, from his standpoint, a more insurmountable barrier between them than any difference of birth could have been. Then enters the fairy godmother in the shape of the delightfully, wryly humorous old Lady Blanchemain, John's long-estranged aunt, and the way is opened to that happy ending which so idyllic a story requires.

The whole thing is exquisitely done, but it is the priest's eleven-year-old niece, little Annunziata, who makes the book memorable. She and John had taken a liking to each other from the first, and it was she who, reading his palm and foretelling a splendid future for him, named him "my friend Prospero." She is a quaint, old-fashioned, affectionate, winsome little creature, wise beyond her years, and yet with the most child-like heart in the world. "People are all love and laughter," says John, "whenever they look at her"; and her serious imaginings, and his tender, playful acceptance of them are everywhere related with a finely effective naturalness and simplicity. Maria Dolores finds her lost in thought over a flower. "It is a narcissus," she answers, "but I was trying to think of its particular name. . . . It is a narcissus, just as I am a girl. But it must also have its particular name, just as I have mine. It is a soul doing its Purgatory—a very good soul. If you are very good, then, when you die, you do your Purgatory as a flower. But it is not such an easy Purgatory—oh, no. For look: the flower is beautiful, but it is blind, and cannot see; and it is fragrant, but it cannot smell; and people admire it and praise it, but it is deaf and cannot hear. It can only wait, wait, wait, and think of God. But it is a short Purgatory. A few days, and the flower will fade, and the soul will be released. I think this flower's name is Cecilia, it is so white." This and other such talk leads Maria Dolores, by-and-by, to confide in John that Annunziata is "a sort of little person about whom one can't help feeling rather frightened. . . . Oh, it isn't exactly easy to tell why. One's fears are vague. But—well, for one thing, she thinks so much about Death. Death and what comes after—they interest her so much. It doesn't seem natural, it makes one uneasy. And then she's so delicate looking. Sometimes she's almost transparent. In every way she is too serious. . . . She ought to have more of the gaiety of childhood, she ought to have other children to romp with. She's too much like a disembodied spirit." But in reality the child is neither weakly nor morbid, nor, as John points out, deficient in the instincts of childhood. Their joint interest in her helps to draw him and Maria Dolores more into each other's company; they take it in turns to nurse her when she is down with a serious illness, and on her recovery it is Annunziata who solves for them the difficult problem of how she is so to manage that she will live for the rest of her life with both of them. It is a fascinating book, written in the daintiest spirit of romance, and with that quiet strength and seeming artlessness that is the triumph of Mr. Harland's art.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "My Friend Prospero." By Henry Harland. 6s. (John Lane.)

From the White Portrait, or Simon's Folio Mezzotint. **John Milton.**

This portrait, except for being reversed, corresponds in a marked degree with Richardson's etching of 1734. In both the head is encircled by a laureate wreath, identical, leaf for leaf, save for one additional leaf in Simon's mezzotint. While the latter portrait is inscribed "R. White ad vivum delineavit," Richardson himself claims to have originated the wreath, which he describes in his Introduction to "Paradise Lost" as "not in the picture; the two lines under it are my reason for putting it there—not what otherwise would be imagined: all the world has given it him long since." This discrepancy renders it difficult to settle the date and origin of Simon's mezzotint.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF LONDON.*

Although many writers have contributed to this volume, the honour of its production belongs to one man. Mr. Richard Mudie-Smith, a young journalist, who is also a deacon of Dr. Clifford's church at Westbourne Park, has carried through in fifteen months a complete census of Sunday

* "The Religious Life of London." Edited by Richard Mudie-Smith. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

attendances at every place of worship in inner and outer London. Only those who have watched his work in detail can appreciate the enormous labour involved. Weeks have been spent in the revision of tables and diagrams, weather charts and figures of population. Mr. Charles Booth's seven volumes made no pretence to the laborious minuteness which marks this great statistical achievement. His review of religious life in London was founded largely on "bazaar talk," the gossip picked up casually from church workers in various districts. The fact that in the borough of Hackney he omitted the name of the preacher who draws by far the largest congregations is typical of the slip-shod methods by which his assistants acquired information. In Mr. Mudie-Smith's book there is no guess-work; all is accurate, precise, verifiable. The brief chapter which summarises results is a classical contribution to the archives of London. Generations hence, it may be, the historian of a more Christian metropolis may read with amazement that in 1903, four persons out of every five were careless or hostile with regard to public worship. In these pages, at least, he will find a trustworthy record, a stone built into the everlasting wall of the city, immoveable as a piece of Roman masonry.

By an ingeniously scientific process, Mr. Mudie-Smith has calculated that the percentage of "Twicers" for the whole of London is thirty-nine. His final table of worshippers, as distinct from attendances, stands as follows:—

Church of England	538,477
Nonconformist Churches	545,317
Roman Catholic Church	96,281
Other services	72,358
	1,252,433

This is a small and unsatisfactory proportion out of a total of 6,240,336, especially in view of the fact, brought out by a comparison with the *British Weekly* census of 1886, that while the population has increased by half a million in the last seventeen years there has been a decline of 150,000 in church attendances. The experience of social workers like Mr. Percy Alden and Mr. Masterman shows that the industrial revolution of the last thirty years and the depletion of the rural districts has found the Churches unprepared, and has forced upon all religious bodies the need for an entire readjustment of methods. Strangers making holiday in foreign towns are apt to neglect the obligations of Sunday, and for thirty years and more London has been filling with a new population of workers, who have left behind them the old religious associations. The cry to the Churches to "wake up" is being answered, by the Nonconformists especially, in all the most crowded districts. The movement of the time is towards the closing of churches which stand almost empty, rotting like ships in harbours from which the sea has long withdrawn. To struggle on in grey and stagnant buildings, when the people cry out for spacious, well-lighted mission halls, is like embarking from Sandwich because it was the Dover of Thomas à Becket's day. Every preacher ought to possess Mr. Mudie-Smith's book. The most successful cannot afford to ignore it, the most despondent will find it full of help and encouragement.

From the Painting ascribed to Pieter Van der Plaas, in the National Portrait Gallery.

John Milton.

"I do not believe that I was ever once noted for deformity by anyone who ever saw me; but the praise of beauty I am not anxious to obtain. My stature, certainly, is not tall; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. . . . My face, which is said to indicate total privation of blood, is of a complexion entirely opposite to the pale and the cadaverous; so that, though I am more than forty (forty-seven) years old, there is scarcely anyone to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I am; and the smoothness of my skin is not in the least affected by the wrinkles of age. If there be one particle of falsehood in this relation, I should deservedly incur the ridicule of many thousands of my countrymen, and even many foreigners to whom I am personally known. Thus much necessity compelled me to assert concerning my personal appearance. I wish that I could with equal facility refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness; but I cannot do it; and I must submit to the affliction. It is not so wretched to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness."—Milton's Autobiography.

Novel Notes.

A MAGDALEN'S HUSBAND. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Duckworth and Co.)

The spring season has given us one heartening surprise at least, in the novel which Messrs. Duckworth publish under the title "A Magdalen's Husband." Perhaps this title is not the best that could have been chosen, but the story itself is beyond doubt exceptional, powerful, moving. It is a detailed drama of life in an English village, of fine natures and debased; at the same time it is a transcript of life in the large, a widely-observed tragedy of primal passions and spiritual force, revealed with the slow, biting skill of the man who sees and feels the great beyond the little, and tells of it with that deep emotion which makes no loud noise but stirs the source of tears. Something of the terse force of Thomas Hardy is here in this book of strength and promise.

THE HOUSE OF QUIET. Edited by J. T. 8s. net. (John Murray.)

The book comes in a manner slightly reminiscent of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." The writer is dead, leaving behind these private papers, which a certain "J. T." edits, believing them intended for publication. In a preface a hope is expressed that no attempt will be made to identify the author, and then on pleasant pages of good paper the narrative commences. The book is called an Autobiography, but from the point of view of personal history it is negligible in its slightness. As a piece of thoughtful and polished writing it has much that is graceful and attractive, but even as such it seems to want a more substantial motive. The thoughts have no power to grip, and the spiritual struggle described, is very vaporous in its effect upon the reader. It is presumably the work of a leisured man. But upon internal evidence of expression and thought, one would certainly have taken it as a woman's utterance. The fact that it is the autobiography of a man adds an extraneous interest, for it is evident the immense difference in feeling and manner between the sexes is narrowing with increasing companionship. Certainly in "The House of Quiet" the atmosphere, behind its tranquillity, has a feminine quality, and the expressions and the manner of phrasing are essentially feminine throughout. As a whole the book is disappointing. The title is good, and the fact that it is the autobiography of an invalid suggests a volume full of personal and intimate thoughts. For an invalid has preeminently the means of perceiving and realising the things a healthy person has no time to notice or grasp. In "The House of Quiet" there is nothing that a perfectly healthy person might not have written. As an invalid the author singularly lacked any specialising qualities, but as a writer he was evidently both distinguished and experienced.

From a Photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Milton's Cottage at Chalfont St. Giles.

The "pretty box" which Milton's Quaker friend, young Ellwood, took for him in July, 1665, in order that the poet might escape the Great Plague which was then almost at its height in London.

"It is a small irregular cottage, of brick and wooden beams, divided now into two inhabitable tenements, each with its own door. The door of the poorer tenement is to the slope of the village-road, and admits to two or three small and very uninviting rooms; the other tenement, regarded as Milton's cottage proper, has its front to a bit of garden off the road at right angles, with its door and latticed casements looking up the slope towards Beaconsfield over this bit of garden. . . . Where there is merely a door now to the garden, with an old grape-vine trailed over that part of the front wall, there was once a porch, forming a kind of independent projecting room, in which Milton may have liked to sit."—Masson's "Life of Milton."

THE TASKMASTER. By Alphonse Courlander. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Apart from the fact that it is, we believe, a first novel, and more alive with promise than first novels usually are, "The Taskmaster" is distinctly a remarkable book. It is written with freshness and originality, and with occasional indications of real power and insight that augur well for its author's future. The story is of Curtis Brunton, a self-made man, embittered by a past of which the foundling he has adopted, his unacknowledged daughter Kate, unconsciously keeps him in remembrance. Once he had been underpaid and ignorant, depending for daily bread on the approving nod of a hard master. "That was years ago in London, when, at a carpenter's bench, he had toiled and ached for his master, knowing the daily fear of having his work wrenched away from him, and living in a hell of apprehension." Now, by thrift and careful saving, he has risen in the world, and is the prosperous proprietor of the Whitclynch brickfields, and,

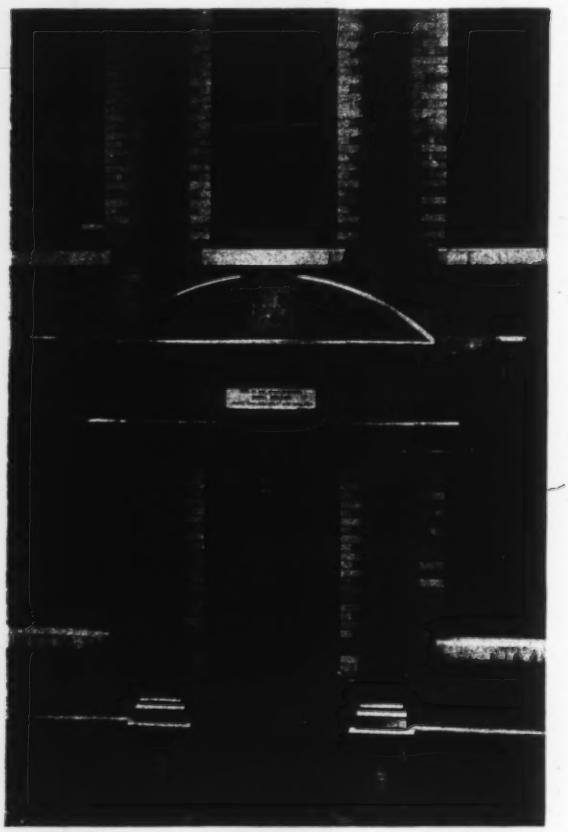
From a Photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

The Interior of Milton's Cottage at Chalfont St. Giles,

Showing the table upon which a portion of "Paradise Lost" was written.

"There, on the ground floor level with the garden, are two tolerably pleasant small sitting-rooms, with very low ceilings, while above, up a short wooden stair, are small and low bedrooms to correspond. These are the rooms that Milton and his family must have chiefly inhabited. One notes the lattices in these rooms, both on the ground floor and above, opening into the garden. . . . Milton's favourite seat within doors at first must have been at one of these latticed casements; where, knowing only at second-hand of the somewhat limited view thence of which others might complain, he could feel the summer air blowing in upon him from the garden, with the hum of bees and the odour of honeysuckles."—Masson's "Life of Milton."

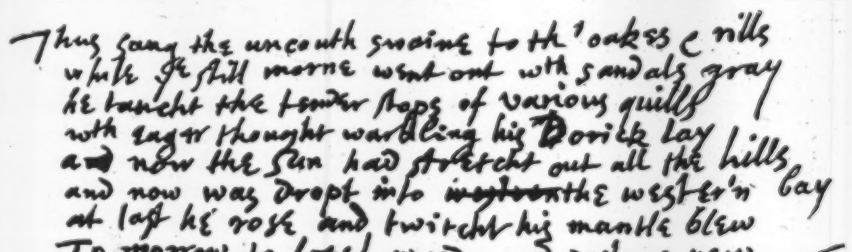
"smarting under the memory of his own years of bondage," he finds a grim pleasure in tasting "something of the sweets of making other people smart." He competes furiously with a neighbouring brickmaker, and glories in rising on his ruins. He has no love for any but his daughter Kate, and when, at last, he marries the wealthy widow Marlton, who has been shamelessly wooing him, he only does so, as he frankly lets her know, in order that he may use her money in his struggle against his business rival, Ormiston. When his triumph seems complete, however, the curse of one of his workmen, whom he had treated with unreasonable harshness, appears to fulfil itself—his wife, breaking a promise she had made to him, lapses into habits of brutal drunkenness, and then his past comes home to him in the shape of Kate's drunken, outcast mother, found and brought down from London by the vengeful Ormiston. This and one or two such touches are lurid melodrama and too obviously stage-managed to be quite effective. The brightness and charm of the book centres on the love-romance of Kate, and her happiness at the close gains from contrast with the sudden squalid deaths of her father and mother in the same fatal night. The humour of the "Haystack" scenes is sometimes rather forced, and Mr. Courlander has a weakness for painting his shadows a little too blackly; but his flaws are of the right kind, they come of an excess, not of a deficiency, of imagination, and are such as practice in his art and something of restraint will easily cure. Meanwhile, he has given us a novel that is ably written and of exceptional interest, as it is of exceptional promise.



The House in Bunhill Row,

which bears the tablet inscribed to Milton, erected by the Society of Arts.

"His last remove was to a house in a newly-created row facing the Artillery-ground, on the site of the west side of what is now called Bunhill Row. This was his abode from his marriage till his death, nearly twelve years, a longer stay than he had made in any other residence. This is the house which must be associated with the poet of 'Paradise Lost,' as it was here that the poem was in part written, and wholly revised and finished."—Mark Pattison's "Milton."



Thus sang the uncouth swaine to th' oakes & rills
while the still morne went out with sandals gray
he touched the tender stops of various quills
with eager thought warbling his Doric lay
and now the sun had stretcht out all the hills
and now was dropt into the western bay
at last he rose and twitcht his mantle blew
To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new

Facsimile of a portion of Milton's MS.

The concluding lines of "Lycidas," from the original in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

RED MORN. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Max Pemberton can always be relied upon for a good story, and in "Red Morn" he is at his best. His hero is a dashing, fearless fellow who has acquired an undeserved reputation as a scoundrel; his heroine, a charming American girl, is on her way across the Atlantic to marry an English nobleman. They meet on board the *Jersey City*, and from despising and ridiculing Murray West, Jessie Golding comes, at length, to admire and love him; then an apparently insuperable barrier is raised between them—she is led to believe, by an enemy of Murray's, that it was he who had murdered her brother in the far west, and when she challenges him, Murray will not deny it. But the *Jersey City* is not lucky. An ammonia tank bursts, and Murray performs prodigies of valour in bringing up from below people who have been overcome by the deadly fumes. Presently the ship's propeller breaks. Then it collides with a tramp steamer in a fog, and goes down. Many are drowned; some escape in the boats, but Murray saves Jessie and they are left adrift on a raft. They are picked up half dead by a vessel that is engaged in gun-running, and flying from a pursuing craft, they rush into the suffocating heat and dust and horrible darkness that were spread abroad by the notorious eruption of Mont Pelee, and it is Jessie who, when the rest have collapsed, pluckily steers them out into safety. The book is alive on every page with incident and adventure; it has a fascinating love interest, and is written from first to last with a virility and cunning that will hold the most sophisticated reader irresistibly till he knows the end of it all.

JEWEL: A CHAPTER IN HER LIFE. By Clara Louise Burnham. 6s. (Constable.)

The charm of stories dealing with childhood is inexhaustible. At the same time few subjects require more insight, more sincerity, more plainness and impersonality of manner. In the book before us we have, however, not only an account of a little American girl's influence upon some peculiarly unlovable relations, but a very earnest propaganda of Christian Science. Jewel has been brought up as a Scientist, and certainly her quaint and childlike exposition of belief is full of attractive qualities. The desirability of making a story the vehicle of peculiar views of any sort, is always questionable. But in the case of Jewel the Christian Science propounded seems to add to, rather than to detract from, the delicate fascination of her person. The subtleties of her religion are simplified down to the most appealing tendernesses of feeling. Her Christian Science, with its ardent denial of evil as Error, unkindness as the Error fairy, pours a kind of joyous whiteness over the volume. The miracles, from the literary point of view at any rate, are to be regretted, but Jewel herself, for all the colossal bigness of the ideas throbbing in her childish spirit, is a real and radiant little creature. And that is saying a good deal for the writer. For to burden a child of nine years old with new religious beliefs of some complexity, and yet make her persistently vivid and endearing, is by no means an easy thing to do.

LOVE, THE FIDDLER. By Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Quite apart from his famous collaborations with Stevenson, in "The Queen versus Billy" Mr. Lloyd Osbourne proved himself a master in the art of fiction, so far, at least, as the short story is concerned. "Love, the Fiddler" emphasises

From the Painting by Michael Munkacsy, now in the Lennox Gallery, New York.

Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughters.

"The blind poet sits in an arm-chair, next to the window, through which enters a softened ray of light, that envelops him with an aureole of silvery hue. He wears a suit of black velvet, which contrasts with a broad white collar. His head droops on his breast under the burden of thought. His face, furrowed with grief, indicates the vigorous action of a pensive mind. Notwithstanding the night that clouds his eyes, we feel the irresistible force of the life of thought which beams from his features and finds a road to our hearts. Milton's left hand reposes on the arm of the chair, his right is clenched cramplike on his breast, as if it wanted to seize the idea, that has just sprung from his mind. His whole figure expresses the interior struggle, the endeavour to give form and shape to the idea that floats before him. Opposite, around a table covered with an oriental tapestry, his three daughters are grouped; one of them is occupied with embroidery, the other is standing near the table, and the third is leaning over a manuscript with a pen in her hand."—Gotthold Neuda's description of Munkacsy's Painting, Paris, 1879.

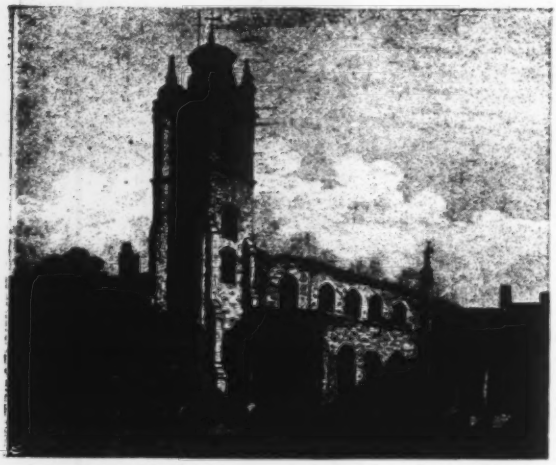
what he has already proved; if the stories here are not better than those in the former volume, they are undoubtedly as good. Mr. Osbourne writes with a fine dramatic instinct; he has always a story to tell, and tells it easily, vigorously, picturesquely; there is nothing superfluous either in language or incident—nothing that does not rightly contribute to the life and vital needs of the narrative. As to which is the best of these sixteen stories, they are so widely varied in subject and treatment (except for a tendency the author has to let his women do the love-making) that comparisons are practically impossible; and seeing that from such a vivid and pathetic little sketch as "An Idyll of Broadway," to the fuller, subtler life and larger humanity of "The Eternal Fire," or "The Awakening of George Raymond," each is in its kind excellent, comparisons were a superfluous folly. It is a book for which one has nothing but praise, and that of the highest.

STELLA FREGELIUS. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)

As Mr. Haggard intimates in his preface, this is not a romance of the character that his readers expect of him, and the excuse he offers is that "he wrote it purely to please himself, and now publishes it in the hope that it may please some others." Morris Monk is a dreamy inventor, too absorbed in his inventions to have any thought of love or marriage till Colonel Morris, his father, suggests that he should help him out of his financial embarrassments by marrying his cousin, Mary Porson. Morris and Mary had been great friends when she was in her teens; she had helped him with what was for a long time the only successful experiment he had made with his aerophone, and attributed that success, which they could not repeat in later years, to the perfect sympathy that at that time existed between them. Morris accepts his father's suggestion and is engaged to his cousin; but, in her absence from home, he ventures out, in picturesque and heroic circumstances, and rescues Stella Fregelius, who has been left behind on an abandoned wreck. He gives Stella and her father a refuge under his own roof, and she helps him with his experiments as Mary had done of old, and once again the aerophone proves a success, and they talk to each other over considerable distances. A rumour set afloat by a local scandalmonger, and brought to them by Colonel Monk, wakes them suddenly to a knowledge that they have grown to love each other. They own the truth, and agree to part for ever, but at parting join hands before the altar of the old Dead Church on the sea shore and pledge themselves in a spiritual marriage. That night a terrible storm rises, and Stella is overtaken and dies in it. Thereafter, though Morris marries Mary Porson, his thoughts are constantly with Stella in the other world, and he strives, in secret, and by occult rites, "to bring himself to the notice of the dead, and to fit himself to see or hear the dead." In the end he has his desire. The later chapters need compression; there is too much of Stella's diary, telling the reader over again what he has been told already. But, on the whole, it is a strong and absorbing romance, a departure from Mr. Haggard's customary manner, but needing nothing of the excuse he makes for it.

THE BRAZEN CALF. By James L. Ford. 6s. (Dodd, Mead and Co.)

Americans of sense and humour are beginning to rebel against the "spirit of the age" in New York—the spirit of restlessness, pretentiousness and snobbery—which, they fear, is bringing a fine country and people into scorn and ridicule. Mr. Ford joins the ranks of those who would vindicate the old legitimate pride while castigating the new worship of the "brazen calf," yclept "Society," and his book is amusing, clever, and a revelation to those who do not know this city of New York and the fierce fight for social position going on hourly in its midst. The creators of "social successes"; the "desirable acquaintances"; the Nickel-Plush hotel—where the "four-hundred" are supposed to disport themselves, and many other hundreds creep in and gape, imagining everyone else to be of the favoured number; the effect of the worship upon honest men, silly women, and even suburban towns; all these many sides of the worship of the idol are trenchantly and sarcastically, yet not very unkindly, treated by Mr. Ford. For weakness and mistakes he has a tender heart; for vulgarity and snobbish cruelty a biting pen.



Etched from a Drawing by W. Pearson.

St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate,

where Milton was buried, in November, 1674.

"He died in the year 1673 [1674], towards the latter end of the summer, and had a very decent interment, according to his quality, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being attended from his house to the church by several gentlemen then in town, his principal well-wishers and admirers."—"The Life of Milton," by Edward Philips, 1694.

Milton's Bust in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate.

"It has been observed that the original stone, laid on the grave of Milton, was removed not many years after his interment. Nor were his remains honoured by any other memorial in Cripplegate Church till the year 1793, when, by the munificence of the late Mr. Whitbread, an animated marble bust, the sculpture of Bacon, under which is a plain tablet, recording the dates of the poet's birth and death, and of his father's decease, was erected in the middle aisle."—J. H. Todd's "Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton."

The Bookman's Table.

THE HUNDRED LOVE SONGS OF KAMAL AD-DIN OF ISFAHAN. Now first translated from the Persian by Louis H. Gray, and done into English verse by Ethel Watts Mumford. 3s. 6d. net. (David Nutt.)

Sir William Jones said, over a hundred years ago, that Persia possessed more poets than all Europe put together. None of this vast company has been done into poetical English so well as to obtain a sort of naturalization among us, except Hafiz and Omar Khayyam. Now, at last, nearly seven centuries after his death, Kamal Ad-din, Omar's contemporary, is in the way of arriving at a similar distinction. If his "Love Songs" have not the breadth and boldness of thought, the rich imaginative glow that is in Omar's verse, they have a softer ecstasy, a sensuousness of imagery, and the gentler melody that fit their less philosophical outlook.

> "O love, thy hair! thy locks of night and musk!
> The very wind therein doth lose his way
> While in the perfumed darkness he would stray;
> And my heart, too, is lost in scented dusk."

Sometimes the "song" has a quaint turn that reminds one of our own seventeenth century "conceits," as thus:

> "The lurking dimple that divides thy chin
> Holds greater peril than the deep ravine.
> Thine eyes are wells o'er which I dared to lean,
> And now, alas! my heart hath fallen in."

Sometimes it has a sheer, epigrammatic finish, as in that death-song supposed to have been written by Kamal when he lay dying, one of the many of Isfahan who perished in a great massacre:

> "O Heart, awake once more! What is thy pain
> To that of thy dear land by anguish swept?
> Last night for one that died a thousand wept,
> At dawn, not one to weep a thousand slain!"

Generally, in a poetical translation, everything is translated except the poetry, but the chief merit of these "Love Songs" is that Mr. Gray and Miss Mumford have translated that also.

GUIDE TO THE LEGAL PROFESSION. By a Lawyer. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This little volume possesses features of the greatest importance which are not to be found elsewhere among the innumerable guides to the legal profession. These last as a rule come to a dead stop when they reach the stage at which the forensic tyro is qualified, and fail to give him any guidance in the earliest and most critical stages of his professional career. The volume under review, on the other hand, is replete with excellent advice to the beginner, and this is especially true of that portion of it which deals with the Bar. Every conceivable point of any interest to the aspiring lawyer is discussed in a calm and judicial spirit, and wherever we have tested the book it has proved accurate and lucid.

FLORENCE. By F. A. Hyett. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The object with which this book was written appears from the preface to have been the provision of a golden mean between the detail and depth of learning contained in Villari's great history and the entertaining but somewhat flippant discursiveness of Trollope's work. In so far as Mr. Hyett's book purports to be a historical manual success has been achieved, for nowhere else will the student find the political history of Florence so succinctly and clearly set out. But when the author branches off into the domains of art he is less fortunate. To take a single instance, the architect of the Duomo was Talenti, and not Arnolfo di Cambio, as stated by Mr. Hyett. The fact of the matter is that it is impossible for one man to write a book on Florence which shall embrace both its history and a study of Florentine art.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES MARTINEAU. With some Letters from him and an Essay on his Religion. By the Rev. Alexander H. Craufurd, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. (George A. Morton.)

Mr. Craufurd has furnished us with an interesting supplement to Principal Drummond's Life of Martineau. The "Recollections" indeed belong only to the last decade of Martineau's career, but they are the observations of one who understood his opportunity and used it with keen insight.

The faults of the book are patent, one may say obtrusive. There is too much of Mr. Craufurd. He introduces himself too freely and in an ultra-Boswellian manner. He also indulges in various divagations to expound his opinion of mysticism, of Calvinism, and so forth. But above all he is continually criticising Martineau's opinions, and sometimes these criticisms are mistaken. No doubt Mr. Craufurd has a right to express himself on theological points, for he writes not only with vigour and confidence, but with considerable ability and a certain amount of knowledge. But his opinions are on some matters crude and ill-founded. What, for example, can we make of a judgment which proceeds on so careless an assumption as is contained in the sentence: "If St. Augustine and Calvin had read Plato, they might have formed a wiser and more adequate conception of the relation of this life to a future one in another world"? Mr. Craufurd should not have forgotten, what Augustine himself so frequently acknowledges, his indebtedness to Platonists. And in Calvin's case, the statement is most unfortunate, since the great French theologian frequently cites Plato, and in one paragraph refers to the Phaedo, the Theaetetus, and the Phaedrus. At the same time, these "Recollections" possess a certain value by giving us glimpses of the character and thought of a great thinker, and of his friends Jowett, Nichol, R. H. Hutton, Newman, Dalgairns, and Ward.

SAN FRANCESCO, AND OTHER POEMS. By F. W. Groves Campbell. (Gay and Bird.)

This slender volume contains three poems in blank verse, which seem to show a gift of imagination distinctively the writer's own. One of these is a spiritual romance, of mystical significance—a rendering of the legend of St. Francis receiving the stigmata. The second—perhaps the most impressive of the poems—tells of the coming of Orpheus to Hades for the recovery of Eurydice. The third has Orion, struck blind by Dionysus, for its hero, and relates how he recovers his sight by following the rising sun. Mr. Groves Campbell imagines each of his themes with intensity and a certain largeness of vision which is not common, and with this largeness of vision is united a studious superintendence, occasionally perhaps overlaboured, of details. The imagery, if sometimes over-curiously sought, is often both beautiful and original, and passages of versification possess unusual dignity of movement. Here is St. Francis standing at night in a garden of lilies:

> "Yet, though motionless,
> He spiritually moved, and one could mark
> His great eyes wandering out upon the night
> As though they followed some sweet reverie,
> As the huge eyes of pansies might outyearn
> To follow a gay troop of butterflies,
> Which, in the dazzling sunshine, flutter past."

One may easily err in such a hope, but perhaps we may hope that this is the first volume of a poet with a new and peculiar note.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

Notes on New Books.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

We have learned to expect from Mr. John Galsworthy (John Sinjohn) writing with a claim to consideration, and in **The Island Pharisees** (6s.) we are offered a book which, undeniably, makes us think. The main theme which is worked out here is the unrealised blindness—a sort of conventional blindness—of more than three-fourths of the civilised world to the chafing restlessness, the stress, the deeper meaning of other sides of life than their own; an incapacity for realising that there are other, and startling, questions, than the one question of custom and practical, commonsensible dealing which they have always faced. The story of Shelton's love leaves one at the end with a feeling that it was all a little vague; but the book, it seems, is less a shapely story than a problem (a little over-accentuated, perhaps) thrown into our midst to give us a little wholesome doubt of our solid, stolid selves. It is distinctly interesting.

Just at first one has an inclination to growl at Miss Helen Watterson Moody's little volume, **A Child's Letters to her Husband** (2s. net). Firstly, the title offends one's favourite ideas of childishness; secondly, somewhere about the second letter one begins to fear "vapouring." There are, however, many touches that bring about another opinion, and when, in Letter III., we read "Martha is my nurse. . . . She said she has taken care of me since I was a little baby, and fed me and taught me to walk, and that I ought to be very grateful to her for it. I am. How sad it would be if I had never learned to walk," we think of Pet Marjorie and are softened. This is not Marjorie Fleming, but it is pretty reading.

Undoubtedly the last few years have been marked by great strides in the cultivation of the general taste of England, and Mr. Heinemann, by the publication of his beautiful fortnightly portfolios of the **Great Masters** (5s. each) has achieved a really extraordinary artistic success. In each portfolio are four admirable photogravures of famous, yet unhackneyed, masterpieces, reproduced by a new method, which is quite remarkable in the perfection of its results. The plates are fifteen inches by twenty in size, and the subjects—from Botticelli, Hals, Van Dyck, Holbein, Velasquez, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Morland, Hogarth, and many another master—are of the finest work of the several artists. It is a noticeable and a gratifying fact that these genuine art treasures, rarely reproduced, described and introduced by Sir Martin Conway, Cambridge's Slade Professor, are offered to the public for little more than a shilling each.

MR. JOHN LONG.

A book to read at one sitting is **Entrapped**, by Alice M. Diehl (6s.). It begins with storm, turbulent love affairs, and sudden death; and from the second chapter onwards readers are endeavouring to fix murder on the guilty person. Very ingeniously Miss Diehl gives little touches which make for doubt and vacillation. As for the love affair—although there is a change of hero before the end—we find the heroine declaring, "I want nothing—but *you*" to the substitute against whose manly frame she is "nestling happily."

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's name is already known as that of a novel-writer, but in her new story **Devastation** (6s.) she seems to have written with something of a double purpose. If we are not mistaken, she has taken note of some of the tendencies of the times, and has treated them as Thackeray treated them in his "Catharine." Mrs. Kernahan has written an amusing book; here and there we notice a touch which recalls the charm of Mrs. Henry Wood, but still oftener we are reminded of Bret Harte in one of his several moods.

In **Countess Ida** (6s.) Mr. Fred Whishaw gives us another of his lively Russian adventure stories. The narrative begins with a mild flirtation between an Englishman in St. Petersburg and Countess Ida, running concurrently with a "hated-rivalry" between two Russians who both love another Russian girl. In the third chapter one of the Russians is murdered, and the Englishman, unwisely allowing himself to be caught with his hand in the murdered man's pocket, is accused, found guilty, and sent to the mines. After that we are shown life, turgid and exciting, with Countess Ida in a prominent position. Mr. Whishaw understands this sort of thing.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Mrs. Charles Roundell and Bacon agree that the preparation of meats, and bread and drinks, "is of exceedingly great moment"; and we agree with Mrs. Charles Roundell and Bacon. In **The Still-Room** (3s. and 4s.) the most sensible of domestic principles are set forth, and the art of housekeeping is urged upon women as a noble calling. Mrs. Roundell, in conjunction with Mr. Harry Roberts, reveals the secrets of distilling, pickling, preserving, brewing, and other time-honoured housewifely occupations, and the recipes which they give are genuinely fascinating.

MR. GEORGE A. MORTON.

An innocuous novel named **Foam and Mist** (6s.) is written by Norman Brougham Warde. In it a youthfully-minded captain, the father of a grown-up daughter, pursues all the sable

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MARCH. 1904.

jackets he catches sight of, in his endeavour to find a lady whose brown eyes have smiled kindly upon him once when he returned to her a dropped purse. There are some fairly bright though rather conventional love-scenes on board a P. and O. steamer, and the volume ends with a hasty betrothal.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

There is much to be said for the method by which Professor Marnac silenced adverse criticism. It was at least effectual—he murdered the critics. Professor Marnac is the main figure in **The Trail of the Dead** (3s. 6d.), an interesting example of frankly sensational writing, from the pens of Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson and Mr. J. Malcolm Fraser. The story begins with the murder of a notable scientist in Heidelberg after he had written a hostile review of Professor Marnac's new book. The murder is promptly detected by an English scientist, and then the real work begins. From country to country, from thrilling scene to more thrilling scene, we hurry; and the entire narrative is a successful attempt to make wild improbabilities not only likely, but vividly entertaining.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

For the "novel of incident" we have a new craftsman—or woman—in K. L. Montgomery, whose **Cardinal's Pawn** (6s.) forms the latest volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library. Coming from the pen of a beginner, it is really an achievement, and although we did not find the first pages as direct as we could have wished, where such a tangled skein of circumstances was concerned, we could not fail to be carried on, full of interest, into the tumult of design, and plot, and intrigue with which the Cardinal seeks to remove inconvenient persons and further his own ends, by the means of a lovely Italian girl who bears a strong resemblance to her somewhat important twin brother. There is life enough in this story, if not real life, there is dash and wealth of incident, and its author is to be congratulated on a novel which proclaims itself a drama.

Mrs. Amelia Barr gives us in **Thyra Yarrick** (6s.) a love-story of the period when Prince Charlie was expected, welcomed, and defeated in Scotland. Thyra herself is a magnificently beautiful girl, living a wild, free life in the Orkneys, where comes handsome Hector Macdonald to raise men for the Prince. Neither Hector nor Thyra are above reproach in the intercourse which follows, for Hector has left his accepted sweetheart in the Highlands, and Thyra has had tender feelings towards Robert Thorson, whom she is desired by her father to marry. Mrs. Barr can not only make a past period vivid and present to a reader, but she can fill it with stirring events, personal as well as historical. She has made the hero of the Highlands, however, but a poor figure here; and she is philosophical and a little scornful over the humiliation of Culloden. "Lord Elcho called him 'an Italian scoundrel'—and worse," and we can almost hear Mrs. Barr doing the same. This is a novelty.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

There is always a welcome in this country for an Australian poet; we wish to hear how a big, new land, with fresh conditions of life, will inspire the man who has poetry in his soul. Mr. A. B. Paterson, in **Rio Grande's Last Race, and Other Verses** (6s.), follows the lead of most other Australian poets, and in swinging narrative-verse lets us see his country and her ways. Horses, and squatters, and fights are described with spirit and vigour; but now and again a deeper theme, like an echo from the older, more experienced land, leads him to more serious singing, and proves that real poetry is, after all, universal. It is a hearty book.

The mistake of a young and Quixotic daughter of a captain "out West," in imagining that a certain rascally young recruit was worth saving from court martial, provides the main interest of a light and pleasing story, **The Captain's Daughter** (6s.), by Gwendolen Overton. The recruit stole money from a drawer in the captain's room; the girl who sees him commit the theft decides to give him a chance of returning it; she tells him so, and insists on his giving up the money. Thereafter follow circumstances and situations compromising, not only to herself, but to a devoted Irish trooper, and disaster is imminent. The freshness of setting and treatment, and the youthful spirit that permeates the story make it a welcome book for the younger readers. This is Miss Overton in her lighter mood.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND CO.

An unconventional and forceful love-story of a stage-loving girl and an unusual clergyman comes to us from Messrs. Digby, Long and Co. It is called **A Pitiful Part** (6s.), and is written by Maud Arnold. Miss Arnold has taken a melodramatic theme and lifted it out of the rut of ordinary melodrama by her frank understanding of men and women, and the skilful exercise of her knowledge of the exact line between intensity and exaggeration. If Miss Arnold will continue careful of her ability, we shall receive much more pleasure from her pen.

Six murders and a diamond necklace provide plenty of excitement in Mr. J. S. Fletcher's little story, **The Diamonds** (6s.), and when to this material is added an accidental fall into a glowing furnace of molten glass, a strong-minded milliner who horse-whips a mock clergyman, and a distinguished-looking K.C.B. who decides that the milliner is a fine woman for her age, anyone may guess that, welded together by Mr. Fletcher, it forms a chronicle the most exacting lover of thrills must be satisfied with. We seldom ask for "literature" in this style, we seldom get it; but we get real entertainment.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

We learn a great deal about political dilemmas and the secret service from Mr. Le Queux's novel, **The Man from Downing Street** (6s.). Not so very many years ago a Roman Catholic pilgrimage to Rome, headed by an English peer, who was led by enthusiasm into making an injudicious speech, landed us in a very uncomfortable corner. As His Majesty's Foreign Secretary remarked, "our Catholic friend on the stump in ten minutes upset all our diplomacy of the past twenty years." We expect a certain type of story from this author, and we get it; it is the "to be read at one sitting" type. Murder, beautiful girls, polished diplomatists, thrilling moments, juggling with nations and immense issues—it is a breathless life that of the secret service. Ah, as Mr. Le Queux says, we little know ——! However, we like him for letting us peep.

MESSRS. GAY AND BIRD.

High thoughts in simple wording are what we get, and rejoice in getting, from Ella Wheeler Wilcox; and her pretty white volume, **Poems of Power** (3s. 6d. net), contains a characteristic collection of her wide-visioned, musically expressed ideas. If, here and there, she is a little too easily musical, we can condone it for the sake of the free, impulsive, living lines. A volume, too, which contains that touching memento of the funeral day of three years ago, "The Queen's Last Ride," will appeal to all loyal hearts.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Mr. David Christie Murray begins his new book, **V. C.** (6s.), with as violent and vivid a storm as we have read of for years. It is not unduly dwelt upon, but it is impressive, and out from it comes ruin on that night into the grey stone house on Beacon Hill. A dishonest, bullying, yet kindly father and a dishonest, whining cousin turn hope and promise to shame and bitter despair for the young hero; and in some fine scenes he insists on learning the truth, and walks out of his home for ever. It is the night on which the Crimean war is declared, and therein lies the young man's chance. Mr. Murray's old vigorous style is noticeable in the earlier chapters especially, and his book is genuinely dramatic.

Reprints and New Editions.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

For the young there is a vast amount of good entertainment, and for the less young a world of revived interest, and material for contemplation and recollection, in the series of "Half-Forgotten Books" being issued by Messrs. Routledge and Sons. Half a dozen volumes now lie on our table. **Black Sheep,** by Edmund Yates—Yates the distinguished journalist, friend of Dickens, Leech, Ballantine, Tom Taylor, and many another man of fame; admirer of Thackeray, and noted editor of that brilliant publication, the *World*. **Caleb Williams,** by William Godwin, remarkable social philosopher, "first systematic anarchist," and man of thought. **The Mysteries of Udolpho,** by Mrs. Radcliffe—seldom read now, though known by title to every generation. **Old London Bridge,** by G. Herbert Rodwell, one of the early examples of the melodramatic historical novel. **The Clockmaker,** by Sam Slick, founder of the school of American humour. And **Tom Bullkley,** by R. Mounteney Jephson—a military novel of striking popularity in the "seventies," and still fresh and amusing in a new century. Every book has now the addition of an introduction, giving brightly-written details of the author's character and work; and the venture is one which should appeal to and earn gratitude from countless readers of all ages.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

Everyone who loves Nature and has a mind great enough to condone a right idleness, should not only read, but possess, Mr. Henry Van Dyke's **Little Rivers** (6s.), a book of essays in profitable idleness. It is a "handful of rustic variations on the old tune of 'Rest and be thankful' . . . a pilgrim's scrip with bits of blue-sky philosophy in it." It is a charming book in the true sense, because it actually charms; it would have delighted Izaak Walton; it is wholesome for all who take themselves too seriously. Fishing, camping, wandering in unhurried fashion, through various lands, but always near a river—these things are the background of a book so well formed for quotation that little less than a reprint would satisfy the reviewer that he had indicated the best things in it.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

A little marvel among cheap reprints is **Cassell's National Library,** which at sixpence a volume is issuing a wide range of classical works. Three new volumes have reached us—"The Diary of John Evelyn," a book far too little known, and distinctly valuable as a graver picture of the reign of Charles II. than that given by the ever-delightful Pepys. "The Four Georges" of Thackeray, doing for these later reigns something of what Evelyn had done for the earlier—only a series of sketches rather than a picture; and a selection of "Tennyson's Poems," which includes his highest work as well as some of the most popular. Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. L. F. Austin, and Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch have respectively written the Introductions. The volumes in style, type, handiness and general appearance are excellent.

New Books of the Month.

JANUARY 15TH TO FEBRUARY 15TH, 1904.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARMSTRONG, A. C., Ph.D.—Transitional Eras in Thought, 6s. 6d. net. ..... (Macmillan)

CAIRD, EDWARD, LL.D., D.C.L., etc.—The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers. The Gifford Lectures. 2 vols. 14s. net ..... (MacLehose, Glasgow)

DANZIGER, ADOLPH.—Jewish Forerunners of Christianity, 6s. net ..... (John Murray)

DRIVER, S. R., D.D.—The Book of Genesis. Westminster Commentary. 10s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)

French Preachers, Great. Sermons translated by Rev. Charles Hyde Brooke. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)

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